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# THE ECLECTIC:

A

Monthly Review and Miscellany.

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### PERIODICALS.

- Bible Readers' Journal.** Jan.  
**Bibliotheca Sacra.** Jan.  
**Cassell's Illustrated History of England.** Part I. New Series.  
**Congregational Pulpit.** Feb.  
**Correspondant (Le).** Jan. 25, 1860.  
**Cornhill Magazine.** No. 2.  
**Evangelical Christendom.** Jan. and Feb.  
**Evangelical Magazine.** Feb.  
**Friend (The).** Vol. 18. No. 205.  
**Good Words.** Part 2.  
**Liberator.** Jan. and Feb.  
**Life Boat.** No. 35. Vol. 4.  
**Protestant Theological and Ecclesiastical** yelo-  
**pedia.** Part X.  
**Spiritual Magazine.**  
**Youth's Magazine.** Jan.



# THE ECLECTIC.

MARCH, 1860.

## I.

### ON THE ORIGIN OF SPECIES.

*On the Origin of Species by Means of Natural Selection; or, the Preservation of Favoured Races in the Struggle for Life.* By CHARLES DARWIN, M.A., F.R.S., F.L.S., &c.

MR. DARWIN, as a naturalist, is eminent amongst the eminent—an authority amongst authorities—*laudatur à laudatis*. Probably few men are better entitled by patient observation, and careful analysis of facts, to construct a theory. He has been in no undue haste to do this. Perhaps it may be above a quarter of a century since, in the capacity of naturalist on board H.M.S. *Beagle*, he was impressed with certain facts connected with the geography and palæontology of South America, which appeared to throw “some light on the Origin of Species—that mystery of mysteries, as it has been called by one of our greatest philosophers.”\* After five years had elapsed in accumulating observations and reflecting upon them, he allowed himself to speculate, and drew up some short notes, which in 1844 were enlarged into a sketch of certain conclusions, which then seemed probable. Since that time he has been constantly engaged in the same investigations; and the present work, which is but an abstract of a much larger one promised in two or three years, contains the result.

The fact that this is but an abstract, containing the conclusions only which have been arrived at by examination of vast masses of detail, the barest outline of which only is given, makes the task of the critic difficult, and in some respects vague. “No one (says the author) can feel more sensible than I do of the necessity of hereafter publishing in detail all the facts, with references on which my conclusions have been grounded; and I hope in a future work to do this. For I am well aware that

\* Introduction, p. 1.

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was gradually modified into a tree, a fish, a bird, an oyster, a mammal, or a man. (We shall shortly show by quotation that we have not overstated the extent to which the theory is carried.) Thus, whilst the former theorists believe in creation, the latter believe only, or chiefly, in development. Not that they entirely exclude a Creator from the universe; he is by some permitted to create the first germs of organic life; but after that, his power is at an end, and the organism is left to struggle itself into development as best it may, in obedience to some "law of progress," to its own endeavours after action,\* to casual variation, or to changed conditions of life owing to geological and other revolutions.

Of all the supporters of this theory Oken is by far the boldest, the least doubting, the most uncompromising. He wrote his *Treatise on Biology* in "a kind of inspiration"†—at least so he tells us; they must, therefore, be daring critics who venture to dissent.

(898‡) Mucus is carbon "mixed identically with water and air."

(900) "Every organic has issued out of mucus."

(901) "*The primary mucus, out of which everything organic has been created, is the sea-mucus.*"

(905) "The sea-mucus, as well as the salt, is produced by the light. *Light shines upon the water, and it is salted. Light shines upon the salted sea, and it lives.*"

(906) "All life is from the sea, none from the Continent."

(912) "The first organic forms, whether plants or animals, emerged from the shallow parts of the sea."

(913) "*Man also is a child of the warm and shallow parts of the sea in the neighbourhood of the land.*"

(930) "The primary organic is a mucus point."

(934) "The first organic points are vesicles."

(958) "No organism has been created of larger size than an infusorial point. No organism is, nor has one ever been, created, which is not microscopic."

(959) "Whatever is larger has not been created, but developed."

(960) "Man has not been created, but developed."

Enough of this; too much, were it not desirable to show to what burlesques upon philosophy even great minds will condescend, rather than admit an ever-active Creator and sustainer of the world; theories, the "inspired" and inflated dogmatism

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\* See "Lamarek's Phil. Zool.," tom. I., *passim*.

† See Preface to "Physio-philosophy," p. 9, Royal Society's edition.

‡ All these figures refer to the numbered sections in the edition referred to.



of which presents no tangible points for either intelligent acquiescence or dissent.

In the development theory of Lamarek, we meet with something more like reason; facts are not altogether ignored, though evidence is frequently assumed, and more frequently still pressed into service which it cannot accomplish. Small homogeneous gelatinous bodies are the first organic existences; and these are destined in the course of countless ages to be developed into plants, animals, and man. The means by which this great work is to be accomplished are twofold—first, a “tendency to perfection,” which we may pass over as not conveying any distinct meaning, and only called in to supplement the requirements of the other; and second, the effect of varying conditions of life, resulting from slow geological changes, causing a change in their wants, and these wants exciting new actions and habits, which in their turn necessitate, and “consequently” produce new organs and new instincts. Of course there is no *evidence* of any such production; but we shall shortly see of how little consequence is the absence of evidence on any such subject.

Having thus assumed the production of new organs, M. Lamarek announces a proposition sufficiently startling, yet coherent enough with the postulate. “It is not the organs, or in other words, the nature and form of the parts of the body of an animal, which have given use to its habits, and its particular faculties; but on the contrary, its habits, its manner of living, and those of its progenitors, have in the course of time determined the form of its body, the number and condition of its organs—in short, the faculties which it enjoys.”\* Thus web-footed animals were not made web-footed that they might be able to swim; but they became so by their repeated efforts to stretch out their toes in striking the water. The antelope only gained its light and agile form by being obliged to fly frequently before its oppressors; the giraffe acquired its long neck by being compelled to feed off the tops of trees; and the beaver attained its flattened development of tail by using it as a trowel.

The original monad having survived much tribulation through countless ages of transformation, is at least met with in the form of a monkey, most probably the Angola Orang (*Simia Trogodytes*, Linn.), which is said to be “the most perfect of animals.” A tribe of these creatures were deprived, through pressure of unknown circumstances, of the necessity (or power) for climbing trees, and hanging by the boughs. They, therefore, adopted the

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\* “Lyell’s Principles of Geology,” 9th edit. p. 571.

upright gait, and from being quadrumana, became bimana. In accordance with newly-acquired habits, their snouts became shorter, their incisors vertical, and the facial angle improved. A desire to rule supervened, and they drove out their brother monkeys into the forests, where their development in intelligence would most likely be impeded. Meanwhile they combined themselves in various ways, and invented language, that they might follow up with greater facility their undertakings, and thus they became MAN. Perhaps it is desirable to mention that this sketch is a grave and correct abstract of a theory, which in its original and modified forms, has made from time to time much sensation amongst students of Natural History.

Almost identical in its ultimate results with the great Lamarckian theory, that of Mr. Darwin differs from it widely in the highly philosophical and ingenious views, which are intended to throw light upon the cause of the successive modifications of structure which lead to specific and generic differences amongst organic beings. That they fail, in our opinion, to account for these, is to be ascribed, we believe, to the fact, that a development theory of this nature is too opposed to existing phenomena to be supported by any argument whatever. Mr. Darwin's theory in brief, is this. There is a constant struggle for life going on amongst all living creatures, in which struggle, the "weakest go to the wall," and the strongest, that is, the "favoured races," survive. These favoured races are so favoured in virtue of their having been born (in obedience to chance, or some law, the conditions of which are unknown), with a structure in so far differing from that of their species, as to afford them an advantage, however slight, over their brethren in the said struggle. This is Innate Variability; and when a variation occurs, thus enabling its possessor to survive where others die, there is a prospect of a race being formed with this peculiarity, which, slowly augmenting for thousands of generations, at last gives character to a new species. And the slow accumulation, through countless ages, of similar modifications, by natural selection, forms distinct genera and orders. The same powers which we daily see producing what we call *varieties*, are on this theory capable of producing *species* in larger periods, and in still more extended periods, genera, orders, and classes. Part of this theory we will give in Mr. Darwin's own words:—

"If during the long course of ages, and under varying conditions of life, organic beings vary at all in the several parts of their organization, and I think this cannot be disputed; if there be, owing to the high geometrical ratio of increase of each species, a severe struggle for life at some age, season, or year, and this certainly cannot



be disputed; then, considering the infinite complexity of the relations of all organic beings to each other, and to their conditions of existence, causing an infinite diversity in structure, constitution, and habits, to be advantageous to them, I think it would be a most extraordinary fact if no variation ever had occurred useful to each being's own welfare, in the same manner as so many variations have occurred useful to man. But if variations useful to any organic being do occur, assuredly individuals thus characterised will have the best chance of being preserved in the struggle for life; and from the strong principle of inheritance, they will tend to produce offspring similarly characterised. This principle of preservation I have called, for the sake of brevity, natural selection; and it leads to the improvement of each creature in relation to its organic and inorganic conditions of life."—*Origin of Species*, chap. iv., p. 127.

In the introduction the author gives the summary and application of these principles thus:—"I am fully convinced that species are not immutable; but that those belonging to what are called the same genera are lineal descendants of some other and generally extinct species, in the same manner as the acknowledged varieties of any one species are the descendants of that species. Furthermore, I am convinced that natural selection has been the main, but not exclusive means of modification."

Thus we perceive that there are three essential elements in this theory—variability, struggle for life, and natural selection of the strongest, or most favoured races. The two former are real phenomena, undoubted by any one; and in their discussion Mr. Darwin evinces much learning and skill, and conveys a great amount of most interesting information. Upon each we shall dwell for a short time before inquiring into the reality of natural selection.

*Variability.*—The offspring, as a rule, is like its parent, but of a likeness more or less modified—not absolute. The form may vary slightly, or the colour, the temperament, or the inherent strength of constitution. The amount of these variations is part of the very essence of the controversy; naturalists in general consider that such variations are bounded by certain limits, which limits are soon reached, and cannot be passed. The progressionists think otherwise—that these variations may increase indefinitely, if favoured by selection either natural or artificial. Variety is most frequent under domestication, but is not confined to that state. Wherever occurring, the causes are so obscure as to defy accurate predication, and variety is generally considered accidental. "Our ignorance (says Mr. Darwin) of the laws of variation is profound. Not in one case out of a hundred can we pretend to assign any reason why this or that part differs, more or less, from the same

part in the parent ;”\* and again, “variation is a very slow process, and natural selection *can do nothing until favourable variations chance to occur.*”† We wish these points to be specially noticed, because we shall shortly see how much more philosophical it appears to Mr. Darwin and his school to trust in an uncertain chance for existence, than in a principle of adaptive creation. The casual nature of this variation is often dwelt upon by Mr. Darwin, and the little effect that external causes can be supposed to have upon it.

“How much direct effect difference of climate, food, &c., produce upon any being is extremely doubtful. My impression is, that the effect is extremely small in the case of animals, but perhaps rather more in that of plants. . . .

“Instances could be given of the same variety being produced under conditions of life as different as can well be conceived ; and, on the other hand, of different varieties being produced from the same species under the same conditions. . . .

“Such considerations as these incline me to lay very little weight on the direct action of the conditions of life.”—*Origin of Species*, chap. v., pp. 132-4.

But vague, casual, and uncertain, as is this first principle to which the progressionists ascribe the development of gelatinous spherules into vegetables, animals, and ultimately men, can we arrive at nothing more definite as to its effects ? We believe that this is possible ; and the result is, that so far as direct testimony goes, species only vary within defined limits, and that these limits continue undisturbed for thousands of years at least. The catacombs of Egypt afford the most irrefragable proof that three thousand years ago many of our domestic animals were precisely identical as to specific characters with those of the present day. Amongst these are the dog, the cat, and the bull ; species which have certainly been placed under every circumstance that could favour variation. Mr. Darwin, of course, does not overlook this ; his answer to it requires a brief notice.

“Even if this latter fact (identity of the species) were found more strictly and generally true than seems to me to be the case, what does it show, but that some of our breeds originated there four or five thousand years ago ? But Mr. Horner’s researches have rendered it in some degree probable that man sufficiently civilized to have manufactured pottery, existed in the valley of the Nile thirteen or fourteen thousand years ago.‡

To the progressionist, a few thousands or millions of years more

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\* p. 167.

† p. 178.

‡ p. 18.



or less are of no moment; but in this calculation there is a palpable error. Mr. Horner bases his conclusions upon a certain 9 ft. 4 in. of mud sediment over an overthrown statue at Meha-henny, on the site of ancient Memphis. He calculates that this mud has taken 3,215 years to accumulate; and having, from a depth of thirty-nine feet, brought up a piece of pottery, he concludes that this must have been deposited there more than 13,000 years ago. Unfortunately for the theory, this statue is described by an Arab historian, Abdallatiff, as erect and in its place, not more than six centuries ago; so that the necessary periods for accumulation must at least be divided by five.

But to return;—leaving out of the question the abstract possibility of species varying sufficiently to form another and different one, there is a total absence of positive evidence on the subject. The naturalist may reason ingeniously enough to show what *might be*; but if we ask, Did you ever see one species develop into another? or did you ever find one in what you can assert to be a transition stage? They answer honestly, no; but account for this by the shortness of our period for observation. We shall see shortly whether the prolonged geologic periods afford any more conclusive testimony.

*Struggle for Existence.*—All organic beings have a tendency to multiply in a geometric ratio; and this so rapidly that unless there existed powerful agencies for destruction, the earth would soon be overrun with the progeny of any single pair. The elephant is supposed to breed more slowly than any other known animal, yet at the lowest computation one pair might easily be the ancestors of fifteen millions in five centuries. As to the multiplication of the lower animals, the understanding is baffled in attempting to realise their increase. In five generations, one aphid may be the parent of 5,904,900,000 individuals, and there may be twenty generations in a year. The female flesh-fly will have 20,000 young ones; and in five days any pair of these are qualified to produce as many more; and Linnaeus asserts that three flies of the *musca vomitoria* could devour the carcase of a horse sooner than a lion. The unchecked produce of one pair of herrings or mackerel would in a very few years crowd the Atlantic until they had no room to move; and it would not require a century for any pair of birds, or any of our domestic animals, so to stock a continent that not an individual of any other species could exist there.

It is evident, then, that of all the countless myriads of living creatures born within any given period, by far the greater part must be destroyed. The checks upon increase are numerous, but we do not know their full extent or energy. Man does much;

antagonist races do more. Climate has a powerful influence in preventing the spread of certain species beyond their appointed latitudes. Severe cold and intense heat kill vast numbers of young animals. Many are not viable, due to unknown causes. Scarcity of food for such vast numbers is probably amongst the most energetic of destroying agencies. Animals are also subject to epidemics much more destructive than the worst of those to which man is liable. It is with plants as with animals. "All the plants of a country (says De Candolle) are at war one with another;" and animal life is at war with them. Of 357 young plants which Mr. Darwin watched, no less than 295 were destroyed by slugs. All this describes what is metaphorically termed the struggle for existence. "Two canine animals, in a time of dearth, may be truly said to struggle with each other which shall get food, and live; but a plant on the edge of a desert is said to struggle for life against the drought, though more properly it should be said to be dependent on the moisture. A plant which annually produces a thousand seeds, of which, on an average, only one comes to maturity, may be more truly said to struggle with the plants of the same and other kinds which already clothe the ground. . . . In these several senses which pass into each other, I use for convenience' sake the general term of struggle for existence."\*

There are many singular instances given of the curious and unexpected correlations between the various forms of life exemplifying this struggle. It would not appear probable at first sight that there could be much connection between cats and the fertility of clover fields; yet it is not altogether impossible. It seems that the visits of bees are necessary effectually to fertilize the clover flowers; only the humble-bee can reach the nectar of the red clover; field mice prey upon the nests and honey of the humble-bee; and cats prey upon the mice. Hence, the more cats there are in a district, the fewer mice there will probably be, and consequently more humble-bees and more abundant crops of clover. The whole chapter upon the struggle for existence is full of instruction, and affords an excellent picture of the constant and internecine warfare in progress between the various tribes of organic life, whether allied or distant.

*Natural Selection.*—Mr. Darwin having shown that variations of structure *may* arise in successive generations, takes for granted that of these variations, some will be profitable to the individual, and some will be injurious; and that the former will necessarily

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\* Chap. iii. p. 63.



be preserved, whilst the latter will be rigidly exterminated.\* It is difficult to give a full idea of the working of this theory of Natural Selection without quoting the entire chapter with the diagram that illustrates it. We will suppose species A to be primarily existing, and in the course of time, certain varieties, *a*, *b*, *c*, *d*, and *e*, to manifest themselves. In the great struggle for life, *a* and *b*, which are useful variations, enable their possessors to survive; whilst *c*, *d*, and *e*, being injurious, are of course destroyed. This variation from A to *a* or *b*, is *extremely* slight, "infinitesimally" so;† so very small that it takes a thousand (or rather "ten thousand"‡) generations to make the difference ordinarily existing between a species and one of its varieties.§ Varieties *a* and *b* in the lapse of ages are subject to the same possible variations or modifications as those which affected the original species A; and produce (*a*), (*a*<sub>1</sub>), (*a*<sub>2</sub>), and (*b*), (*b*<sub>1</sub>), (*b*<sub>2</sub>) respectively; and of these perhaps only (*a*) and (*b*<sub>2</sub>) are preserved as profitable. By this time (*a*) and (*b*<sub>2</sub>) have acquired characters sufficiently distinctive to be ranked as separate species; and pursuing the same law of variation and selection, in hundreds of thousands of generations we find (*a*<sub>m</sub>) and (*b*<sub>n</sub>) widely enough separated to form types of genera, each the centre of a number of species.

Although not a *full* exposition of the system, we believe this to be, so far as it goes, a correct one. Of all our objections to the theory, which are many, we at present shall only hint at two, reserving for a time the remainder. The first is that on the hypothesis of a Creator, which Mr. Darwin does not altogether repudiate, his operations are only distinguished by imperfection; and any power of continuance and prosperity is left dependent upon pure accident: species are eminently unfit by nature for preservation, and only endure by chance. The second is, that variations so slight as here supposed, could by no apparent possibility enable their possessors to struggle effectually against destroying agencies such as are enumerated. What advantage could it afford an insect that was about to be swallowed by a bird, that it possessed a thousandth fragment of some property possessed by its next most nearly allied species or variety? What preservation against ravages of the slugs would be afforded by an "infinitesimal" difference between one weed and its neighbour? What minute difference would avail the duckling that the fox was about to carry off? These may perhaps be deemed feeble and trifling

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\* See Chap. iv., p. 81.

† See p. 95.

‡ p. 117.

§ After a thousand (or ten thousand) generations species (A) is supposed to have produced two well marked *varieties*." p. 117.

illustrations; yet it is only by bringing the principle to some such practical test as this that its truth or probability can be recognized. It sounds at first plausible enough to say that profitable variations will naturally tend to the preservation of individuals; but when we put it to the test, and see that it is theoretically improbable, and that there is a total lack of direct evidence that such has ever been the case, we are disposed to look upon it as more sound than sense.

*Extent and Bearing of the Theory.*—More cautious than Lamarck, Mr. Darwin does not dwell minutely upon either the beginning or the probable termination of organic life. We are chiefly left to *infer* that his original organic germ can be no other than Lamarck's gelatinous homogeneous spherule; and that man was developed from something analogous to an ape, and may be further perfected by the same process of development. In the earlier chapters we only hear of species becoming varieties and other species; and the author dwells mostly upon the non-distinction between specific differences and those which constitute varieties. As we progress we find that generic differences are considered only degrees of the same variation; then that all Vertebrata are descended from one parent, the type of which we shall in vain look for "until beds far beneath the lowest Silurian strata are discovered—a discovery of which the chance is very small."\* It is only, however, in the concluding chapter that we find a full confession of belief.

"It may be asked how far I extend the doctrine of the modification of species. The question is difficult to answer, because the more distinct the forms are which we consider, by so much the arguments fall away in force. But some arguments of the greatest weight extend very far. All the members of whole classes can be connected together by chains of affinities, and all can be classified on the same principle, in groups subordinate to groups. Fossil remains sometimes tend to fill up very wide intervals between existing orders. . . . Therefore, I cannot doubt that the theory of descent with modification embraces all the members of the same class. I believe that animals have descended from at most only four or five progenitors, and plants from an equal or lesser number.

"Analogy would lead me one step further, namely, to the belief that all animals and plants have descended from some one prototype. . . . I should infer from analogy that probably all the organic beings which have ever lived on this earth have descended from some one primordial form, into which life was first breathed by the Creator."†

\* Chap. x, p. 338, and see note by Sir R. Murchison, *infra*. † Chap. xiv., p. 484.

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As nothing is said to suggest the idea that man differs in any-wise from the other "organic beings," we are justified in concluding that his origin was from this same primordial form. This conclusion is still further confirmed by the enumeration of the many advantages to be derived from this view in natural history and psychology. After speaking of the simplification of system that will attend the reception of the development theory, and the far grander views of nature and creation that will accrue, Mr. Darwin continues:—

"The whole history of the world, as at present known, although of a length quite incomprehensible by us, will hereafter be recognised as a mere fragment of time, compared with the ages which have elapsed since the first creature, the progenitor of innumerable extinct and living descendants, was created.

"In the distant future I see open fields for far more important researches. Psychology will be based on a new foundation, that of the necessary acquirement of each mental power and capacity by gradation. Light will be thrown on the origin of man\* and his history. . . .

"As all the living forms of life are the lineal descendants of those which lived long before the Silurian epoch, we may feel certain that the ordinary succession by generation has never once been broken, and that no cataclysm has desolated the whole world. Hence we may look with some confidence to a secure future of equally inappreciable length. And as natural selection works solely by and for the good of each being, all corporeal and mental endowments will tend to progress towards perfection."†

And what of our aspirations after a glorious immortality? What of that wondrous scheme of redemption which the ancient

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\* In reference to the history of man, we take this opportunity of alluding to a work recently published, called "Pre-Adamite Man," and professing to be "the Story of our Old Planet and its Inhabitants, told by Scripture and Science." The theory contained in it is, that the creation of man, as described in the *first* chapter of Genesis, is quite distinct from that in the *second*, and alludes to a pre-Adamite race that lived for long ages, and disappeared before Adam was created. These became the angels; and some of them the fallen ones, which accounts for our finding no traces of their existence.

The book is well and pleasantly written; but it is very much to be regretted that very good, but non-scientific men, will join in a controversy which, if fought at all, must be fought by combatants with no flaw in their armour. A weak man, overthrown in however good a cause, does but injure the principle for which he fights. We cannot but respect the good and pious spirit in which this little book is written (with due allowance for the strange theory); but when we are told (p. 59) that water sufficiently heated separates into its component gases, oxygen and hydrogen, which again unite on cooling to form water, and that no fishes are found in any but the *uppermost* of the Silurian strata, with many other facts equally authentic, we cannot but deplore the weakness of the arguments that are but too frequently pressed into the service of reconciling Scripture and science.

† Chap. xiv., p. 489.

seers dimly foretold, gazing with rapt wonder into the profound obscure of the future, whence to them the star of Bethlehem was beginning to gleam? What connection have these with a development theory? Dreams all—figments of a philosophic brain—inventions of priestcraft! What room is there for these in a theory of development? Immortality! How can we be immortal? Our fathers, where are they? From the monad to our immediate monkey-parent, were they immortal? And if not, what claim have we to such an endowment, save by a special interposition of Divine will and power? And it is the very essence of the development hypothesis to account for *all* phenomena *without* such special interposition; all must be due to “secondary causes.”\* No, we shall live again it is true, but how different our life will be from that “far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory” to which we have been vainly and ignorantly aspiring. Our race shall be perfecting itself by its own powers and faculties, but we shall have no conscious part in it. Our course is run when the grim tyrant has visited us. Of mucus and infusoria we were made, and unto mucus and infusoria we shall return, to run again through the vast cycle of monad, worm, mollusc, &c., up to—where? Redemption! All honour to man rather, he requires no redemption,—he has never fallen. He has ceased climbing trees, and has expelled his former brethren into the wilderness; he has dispensed with his tail; he has invented speech, and looms and railroads, and development hypotheses; he has had no time to fall; no leisure he to be redeemed. His own powers and the accidents of nature are all in all.

We are ready to grant that this is not argument; and that the hopes and faith of the Christian have no weight, no place even, in any development discussion. But we indicate the absolute incompatibility of this hypothesis with any faith in revelation, in order to guard the unwary against the specious fallacies of those who consider that “it is just as noble a conception of the Deity to believe that He created a few original forms capable of *self*-development into other and needful forms, as to believe that He required a fresh act of creation to supply the voids caused by the action of His laws.”† As *noble* a conception it may be; indeed, we can see that more skill and ingenuity (not to speak irreverently) might be imagined necessary to create a germ, which after thousands of transformations and millions of ages, should develop itself into so wondrous a mechanism as man, than to create man originally and independently. But this being, as we conceive, utterly at variance with His revealed word, and

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\* Chap. xiv., conclusion.

† See chap. xiv., p. 481.



excluding all possibility of that highest object of man's aspiration, immortality, it behoves us carefully to inquire into the evidences for such a view, before accepting it, and so virtually renouncing our most cherished hopes.

We have already intimated that Mr. Darwin is not always coherent in his reasoning, and accepts statements that are favourable to his views rather too hastily, and on unsatisfactory authority. One or two examples of this we must give, before proceeding systematically to state our objections to the theory. We have already pointed out the error of the argument founded on Mr. Horner's researches; a little further on we find him referring with approval to Lepsius, whose authority has been discredited for long. The statement at p. 36 as to the inhabitants of Terra del Fuego eating their old women is extremely doubtful, to say the least, and not supported by any ethnological authority to which we have been able to refer. All these, however, may be matters of opinion, and admit of contest; but what can we think of the following statement at p. 64? "Even slow-breeding man has doubled in twenty-five years, and at this rate, in a few thousand years, there would literally not be standing-room for his progeny." True, were the fact so; but what does it mean? If it be intended to imply that one family has doubled its numbers in twenty-five years, it is simply an unmeaning fact;—if that a colony has done so, it is equally unmeaning, and short of the truth. If it apply to a country, it is eminently inaccurate; England as an established country, increases probably faster than any other, and it required the fifty years from 1801 to 1851 to double its population. Again, if the statement be applied to man in general throughout the world, it is so utterly without foundation, as to require no refutation. Thus, in whatever aspect it be received, the statement is either unmeaning or grossly inaccurate.

As instances how facts and opinions may rapidly change their significance in accordance with the varying exigencies of the hypothesis, we select the following out of a great number of similar instances. At p. 109, we find it stated that "from the high geometrical ratio of increase of all organic beings, each area is already *fully stocked* with inhabitants, &c.;" but on the next page it is said that "probably no region is as yet *fully stocked*."\* At p. 110 it is stated that "it is the most closely allied forms—varieties of the *same species*, and species of the *same genus*, or related genera—which, from having nearly the same structure,

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\* Perhaps there *may be* a reference in one case to *individuals*, and in the other to *species*; but on this view the line of argument is obscure.

constitution, and habits, generally come into the severest competition with each other." Here we seem to have arrived at a general principle; but at p. 114, another view requires support incompatible with this, and we are told that "the advantages of diversification of structure, with the accompanying differences of habit and constitution, determine that the inhabitants which thus jostle each other most closely, shall, as a general rule, belong to what we call *different genera and orders*." And at p. 121 (all these occurring in the same chapter, and in different parts of the same argument) we find again that the struggle "will be most severe between those forms which are *most nearly related* to each other in habits, constitution, and structure."

Another series of discrepancies equally marked, though not so readily appreciable without much detail, occurs in the statements with regard to the comparative duration of fossil species and the strata in which they occur. According as it is requisite to prove one view or other, the formation is supposed to be of shorter, of identical, or of vastly longer duration than the species. At p. 293, it is said that "although each formation may mark a very long lapse of years, each, perhaps, is short, compared with the period requisite to change one species into another;" and yet, at p. 298, we find "parent species and modified descendants" existing in the "upper and lower beds of a formation;" and at p. 301, it is again doubted whether the period requisite for the deposit of one formation "would exceed the average duration of the same specific forms." These discrepancies may appear trifling to some; but they occur in, and seriously affect the stability of, the very heart and core of the geological argument.

There is no principle more frequently and distinctly enunciated in this work than that natural selection can only act by preserving variations of a minute character, which will enable their possessor to contend more vigorously in the struggle for life. At p. 205, natural selection is defined—"a power which acts solely by the preservation of profitable variations in the struggle for life;" and at p. 149, it is remarked that "it should never be forgotten that natural selection can act on each part of each being, solely through and for its advantage." By the terms of the hypothesis also natural selection is the sole means whereby species, genera, orders, &c., are formed. When we find, therefore, a species naturally selected because of the possession of a certain organ, we are perhaps justified in feeling some surprise that a closely allied species should have been selected, because of the *absence* of that organ. Yet such is the flexibility of this theory, that facts of this order only seem to strengthen it to the mind of its author. For instance, in Madeira there are various



kinds of beetles, some having wings largely developed, some having moderate ones, and some without. It is rather amusing to see the manner in which these differences are reconciled to the theory. The large wings are "quite compatible with the action of natural selection. For when a new insect first arrived on the island, the tendency of natural selection to enlarge or reduce the wings would depend upon whether a greater number of individuals were saved by successfully battling with the winds, or by giving up the attempt, and rarely or never flying."\* Then in the same page the author adds that certain considerations have made him "believe that the wingless condition of so many Madeira beetles is mainly due to the action of natural selection, but combined probably with disuse. For during thousands of successive generations each individual beetle which flew least, either from its wings having been *ever so little* less perfectly developed, or *from indolent habit*, will have had the best chance of surviving from not being blown out to sea; and, on the other hand, those beetles which most readily took to flight would oftenest have been blown out to sea, and thus have been destroyed!!" It is rather difficult to imagine any reasoning much more puerile, occurring in a grave scientific work, the results of which upon natural history and philosophy generally are to be so striking.

Another instance of the pliability of the theory is found in the account of the action of natural selection upon certain blind rats in the caves of Styria and Kentucky. Natural selection has acted here by preserving blind animals, because those which had sight might be subject to "inflammation of the nictitating membrane!"† But it seems that in one of the blind animals the eyes themselves are of "immense size;" and it would appear to be a most extraordinary mistake of "natural selection" to preserve this animal merely *because* blind, whilst its "immense" eyes still remain liable to the objectionable inflammation. We might also reasonably ask what has "natural selection" been about not always to select blind animals to live in caves, but to limit its favours to a few instances, and those excessively doubtful?‡

In many parts of the argument Mr. Darwin evinces a strong tendency to support himself upon possible, though non-existent or highly exceptional, rather than upon normal and generally-observed phenomena. This is nowhere more remarkable than in the attempt, which is of course absolutely essential to the theory

\* See p. 136.

† See p. 137.

‡ "Natural Selection" is frequently spoken of in this work, almost in terms of personality;—as being "ever on the watch," and "ready to seize upon" anything to the advantage of an individual.

to prove, that there is only a difference of degree (not of kind) between species and varieties—that varieties, in short, are species in process of development; and, by parity of reasoning, that species are incipient genera—genera incipient orders, &c., &c. It does sometimes happen that *varieties* of a certain species present differences which are apparently more marked than those between certain other closely-allied *species*. But there is always (or nearly so) one decided test—varieties of a species will cross and produce fertile offspring; whilst species, however closely allied, will sometimes cross, but never produce *fertile* offspring. This is generally reckoned the great distinctive mark between species and varieties; and this, by the requirements of the theory, must be done away with. Now to do this, Mr. Darwin has sought out a few rare, exceptional, if not chiefly doubtful, instances. Some of the crosses between allied species have exhibited a partial and dubious fertility for one or two generations, when recrossed with one of the pure parent breeds, although he is himself compelled to “doubt whether any case of a perfectly fertile hybrid animal can be considered as thoroughly well authenticated.”\* In still rarer instances, well-ascertained varieties have appeared wanting in fertility to some extent. On such extremely slight grounds as these Mr. Darwin considers himself justified in viewing the overwhelming amount of evidence derived from fertility and non-fertility, as a matter of *degree* only.

Nothing has struck us more forcibly, on a general survey of this theory, than the total absence of direct evidence of any one of the steps. No one professes to have ever seen a variety (producing fertile offspring with other varieties) become a species (producing no, or unfertile, offspring with others). No one knows of any living or any extinct species having given origin to any other, at once or gradually. Not one instance is adduced of any variety having ever arisen which did actually give its possessor, individually, any advantage in the struggle for life. Not one instance of any given variety having been actually selected for preservation, whilst its allies became extinct. There is an abundance of semi-acute reasoning upon what might possibly have occurred, under conditions which seem never to have been fulfilled; but not the least fragment of direct testimony, either derived from human experience, or from the geological record.

What then is the “*final cause*” of this theory? Simply, so far as we can gather, because Mr. Darwin observes certain phenomena in the order of nature, and the distribution of animal and vegetable life, which he conceives to admit of no explanation

\* See p. 252.



on the theory of immediate creation, but to be perfectly comprehensible on that of natural selection. It may be worth while to enumerate a few of these mysterious facts, to show us what a Creator cannot do, and what a blind accidental agency can, in the opinion of progressionists.

Organic life admits of classification; varieties group around species, species around genera, genera around classes, and so on. The result is a natural system of alliances and affinities, acknowledged by ordinary mortals, as well as by the supporters of "development," to be one of great beauty and order. Upon this our author remarks, "This grand fact of the grouping of all organic beings seems to me utterly inexplicable, on the theory of creation."\* It would be difficult to say *why*; unless it be by confessing that intelligence cannot devise, though an interminable series of accidents may accomplish, a scheme calculated to excite the admiration of all who study it.

Mr. Darwin "cannot see" on the theory of creation, why one shell should be bright coloured and another dim,† though natural selection makes all clear. He cannot see why animals that live in caves should have affinities to those that live in their neighbourhood;‡ why stripes should occasionally appear on young horses;§ nor why certain animals and plants should be on islands and not on continents, or *vice versa*||—all these things creation is powerless to explain; but natural selection relieves us of the difficulty.

Unity of type in the vertebrate skeleton, and the formation, and juxtaposition of the bones of the skull,¶ are equally mysterious, until understood by the light of this omnipotent natural selection. But the most remark-worthy instance of the superiority of natural selection over creation is found on p. 480. Here Mr. Darwin enumerates certain formations in animals, which "bear the plain stamp of *inutility*." "On the view of each organic being, and each separate organ having been specially created," these are all "utterly inexplicable;" but natural selection reveals therein Nature's "scheme of modification, which it seems that we wilfully will not understand." In other words, by the terms of one hypothesis, boundless wisdom and power, working intelligently, though sometimes mysteriously to us, fail to explain an *apparently*

\* p. 471.

† p. 133.

‡ p. 139.

§ "How inexplicable on the theory of creation is the occasional appearance of stripes on the shoulder and legs of the several species of the horse-genus, and in their hybrids." p. 473.

|| p. 478.

¶ "Why should the brain be enclosed in a box composed of such numerous and such extraordinary-shaped pieces of bone? How inexplicable are these facts on the ordinary view of creation!" p. 436.

useless structure; which, however, is fully and satisfactorily cleared up by another hypothesis, the very essence of which is that its subject selects and preserves only "*useful variations*."\*

On all these instances, we may remark generally, that if Mr. Darwin *cannot see* how creation can account for them, there must be some judicial blindness involved. For by the very conditions of each theory, any one given fact must necessarily be equally explicable on either. The theory of natural selection can only provide for each animal having attained its present structure, appearance, and geographical distribution, because these were most appropriate to it and to each other; by the hypothesis, any individual or species having an organisation unfitting it to struggle with the climate, &c., is exterminated ruthlessly; and so those that are mutually adapted alone remain together. All which amounts to this, that each species is located in the best place for it, the very first and essential condition of all our ideas connected with intelligent creation.

But it is time for us to inquire whether there are any indications, either in the present state of matters, or in the past history of our earth, so far as we can read it, that would lead us to infer that "development" had been the law according to which our present system of organic existence has been produced. What would be these indications? Clearly in the present we ought to find innumerable transitional forms connecting each species with its neighbours, admitting of no lines of demarcation. In the past, we ought to read of a constant improvement, and transition from the simplest to the most complex forms of organisation. We ought to find records of a time when the lowest forms of life alone inhabited our earth; and from this up to Man, we should read of a constant succession of forms each higher than the preceding one. Owing to the imperfection of the record, we might expect not to find *all* this; but we ought certainly never to meet with anything clearly opposed to such a succession. What are the facts?

We need not go far into the discussion as to whether species at the present time are connected by innumerable transitional forms. Mr. Darwin himself everywhere confesses that they are not; and that this clear and enduring separation of species "is probably the gravest and most obvious of all the many objections which may be urged against his views."† This objection, however, is summarily got rid of by the theory of "*extinction*," another assumption as gratuitous, and as unsupported by any direct evidence, as that of selection; "the parent and all the transitional varieties will

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\* "Origin of Species," *passim*.

† p. 300.

generally have been exterminated by the very process of formation and perfection of the new form."\* But where are they? Shall we not find some of them at least in the geological formations? No, or very rarely, is the answer; for most probably the conditions of the earth were not favourable to their preservation.†

The next objection is clearly enough seen by our author; "but it may be urged that when several closely-allied species inhabit the same territory, we surely ought to find at the present time many transitional forms."‡ Doubtless we ought, and we cannot see that Mr. Darwin's mode of disposing of the difficulty is at all satisfactory. To do this he contends that these continuous areas have not been always continuous, but in the condition of islands, on which the separate species have originated; and therefore the transition forms are wanting! As this does not quite meet all the conditions, it is further suggested that the intermediate forms *did* exist in certain intermediate zones; but being subjected to oppression from both sides, their existence was but brief, and they vanished without leaving any trace. The entire theory of extinction is to us non-coherent and incomprehensible; it was, however, essential to the other views.§

Such being the testimony of the present, what of the past? The entire question is discussed in the chapter on the "Geological Record" at considerable length, and with much acumen. Formerly it was to geology that the supporters of the Lamarekian hypothesis appealed most triumphantly as corroborating their views. Later and fuller discoveries have much modified the tone of this appeal. Now that it is known that the lowest and earliest of our palæozoic formations indicate the presence of cephalopoda and fish of a very high order and large size in the Silurian seas; and that the traces of even mammalia have been found so low down in the secondary series, as to suggest the belief that animal life has been more dependent upon geographical conditions than chronological relations or succession; now that all this is known, with much more to the same effect, it is clear that progressionists can look for support to geology *as it is* no longer, but must appeal to it as it *may* or *might* be. The whole of the chapter referred to, though containing much interesting matter, may, as to its

\* p. 172. † See chap. ix., on the "Geological Record," *passim*. ‡ p. 173.

§ It is worthy of notice, that whilst developing his theory, the author speaks of species only changing through countless ages and generations; but when it becomes necessary to account for the broad lines of demarcation between species, and the intervening forms have to be extinguished, they are passed over more lightly, as being few in number, and of weak powers of resistance—as merely transitional from one well defined form to another; instead of being, as they really must be, on the theory, as numerous and powerful races as any of which the records are found previously, in their own day and generation.



bearing on the "development" or "selection" theory, be summed up in very few words. Geology is found to give *no support* to the doctrine; and its records are pronounced to be extremely imperfect.\* As to the intermediate or transition forms, Mr. Darwin says:—

"Geology assuredly does not reveal any such finely graduated organic chain; and this perhaps is the most obvious and gravest objection which can be urged against my theory. The explanation lies, as I believe, in the extreme imperfection of the geological record." p. 280.

"I do not pretend that I should ever have suspected how poor a record of the mutations of life the best preserved geological section revealed, had not the difficulty of our not discovering innumerable transitional links between the species which appeared at the commencement and close of each formation, pressed so hardly on my theory." p. 302. And

"He who rejects these views on the nature (*i. e.* the extreme imperfection) of the geological record, will rightly reject my whole theory. For he may ask *in vain* where are the numberless transitional links which must formerly have connected the closely allied or representative species found in the several stages of the same great formation." p. 342.

After these plain confessions of want of support from geology as it now is, the difficulty is cut at once. Where are the transition forms connecting the species in the same formations? The answer is ready; they are not preserved—the conditions were unfavourable. "Where are the remains of those infinitely numerous organisms which must have existed long before the first bed of the Silurian system was deposited?"† This question refers to the fact of finding creatures of high organisation in the earliest seas, whence the supporters of "development" were obliged to hypothecate countless ages of development before the age of trilobites. The answer to it is equally trenchant and conclusive, "They may now all be in a metamorphosed condition,‡ or

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\* It is worthy of notice that whilst Mr. Darwin appeals to the imperfection of the geological record in support of his views, Sir Chas. Lyell quotes it as bearing adversely upon the theory of development. He says:—

"It has always appeared to me that the advocates of progressive development have too much overlooked the imperfection of these records; and that, consequently, a large part of the generalizations in which they have indulged in regard to the first appearance of the different classes of animals, especially air-breathers, will have to be modified or abandoned.—"Address to the British Association, Sept. 14th, 1859."

† p. 343.

‡ "The hypothesis that all the earliest sediments have been so altered as to have obliterated the traces of any relics of former life which may have been entombed in them, is opposed by examples of enormously thick, and often finely levigated deposits between the lowest fossiliferous rocks, and in which, if any animal remains had ever existed, more traces of them would be detected.

may lie buried in the ocean.”\* Can Mr. Darwin fail to see that there cannot be imagined any theory of ontology in the wildest mind that would not be equally well supported by this style of argument? Proof! If it be there, well and good; if not, perhaps it is at the bottom of a fathomless ocean: you cannot possibly say that it is not, and meantime my theory holds good.

But geology has its tale to tell, and one which appears not only not to support, but clearly to controvert the development theory. It never was the small and feeble species or germ that first appeared either amongst molluses, fish, reptiles, or mammals. Where are now the representatives of the gigantic fishes of the old red sandstone? Where are the mighty reptile tyrants of air, earth, and water of the oolite? Have they been “improved” and “preserved” into the puny representatives of the modern reptile class? Where are the ponderous monsters that shook the eocene and miocene earth with their massive tread. Where is the megatherium, unless *improved* into the feeble sloth of the present day? These races appeared in the plenitude of their power; and as their dynasty grew old, it was not that the race was “improved” and preserved in consequence; but they dwindled, and were, so to speak, degraded, as if to make room in the economy of nature for their successors. But this is too large a subject to enter upon at this advanced part of our task; we can but indicate it, and appeal with confidence to all geologists for its accuracy.

There remain two objections to this development theory, which we must find space to notice, of such weight as almost to stagger the author himself. These refer to the origin by natural selection of organs of such complexity as the perfect eye, and to the development by the same means of complicated instincts; such, for instance, as the cell-building instinct of the bee and wasp. On the former objection, Mr. Darwin writes:—“To suppose that the

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“The fine aggregation and unaltered condition of these sediments have permitted the minutest impressions to be preserved. Thus, not only are the broad wave-marks distinct, but also those smaller ripples which may have been produced by wind, together with apparent rain-prints as seen upon the muddy surface, and even cracks produced by the action of the sun on a half-dried surface. Again, as a further indication that these are littoral markings, and not the result of deep-sea currents, the minute holes left by the Annelides are most conspicuous on the sheltered sides in each slab.

“Surely, then, if animals of a higher organization had existed in this very ancient period, we should find their relics in this sediment, so admirably adapted for their conservation, as seen in the markings of the little arenicola, accompanied even by the traces of diurnal atmospheric action.”

Such is Sir R. Murchison’s opinion as to the probability of there being fossiliferous rocks far below the Silurian, in a metamorphic condition.

\* p. 343.

eye, with all its inimitable contrivances for adjusting the focus to different distances, for admitting different amounts of light, and for the correction of spherical and chromatic observation, could have been formed by natural selection seems, I freely confess, absurd in the highest possible degree." And so far we are able cordially to agree with him; yet after this candid confession our surprise was great to find an explanation attempted by means of this sole "*deus ex machinâ*," natural selection. And Mr. Darwin seems to suppose that he has given an explanation when he mentions the gradations from the simplest to the most complex eyes, without attempting to account for an eye ever having existed at all. In the course of the illustrations, some few additional lights are thrown upon the action of natural selection tending to show that it can "improve" races to their disadvantage, as, for instance, the improvement in the structure of the sting of the bee or wasp, until it is so finished that "when used against many attacking animals (it) cannot be withdrawn, owing to the backward serratures, and so inevitably causes the death of the insect, by tearing out its viscera."\* Mr. Darwin judiciously forgets to allude to the existence of such an organ as the internal ear in the higher animals; as to give even a verbal theory of its formation by natural selection would have baffled any attempt.

The development of the most remarkable instincts—that which leads the cuckoo to lay its eggs in nests of other birds—that of the slave-making ants, and the comb-building of the bee-hive—affords but additional illustration of the operation of natural selection. The American cuckoo builds its own nest; probably the English cuckoo did so once, but occasionally laid an egg in another nest. "If the old bird profited by this occasional habit, or if the young were made more vigorous . . . then the old bird, or the fostered young, would gain an advantage,"† which advantage would tend to produce by inheritance a propagation of the "aberrant habit." Surely this is very Midsummer madness.

Passing over the slave-making instinct of some ants, we must notice how by natural selection the hive-bee has come to build its wonderful cell. "He must (says our author) be a dull man who can examine the exquisite structure of a comb, so beautifully adapted to its end, without enthusiastic admiration." And yet it has arrived at this perfection, not by design of any creator, but simply by accidental variation, and natural selection of the best forms. The cell of the humble bee is very simple—that of the hive-bee very perfect and complex. But there is a Mexican bee, the *Melipona domestica*, whose cell is in some sort interme-

\* p. 202.

† p. 217.



mediate between the two. Now the problem is, how is the *Melipona* to be naturally selected and improved until it can build a cell like the hive-bee? It is solved in this wise:—

“If a number of equal spheres be described with their centres placed in two parallel layers, with the centre of each sphere at the distance of radius  $\times \sqrt{2}$ , or radius  $\times 1.41421$  (or at some lesser distance) from the centres of the six surrounding spheres in the same layer; and at the same distance from the centres of the adjoining spheres in the other and parallel layer; then if planes of intersection between the several spheres in both layers be formed, there will result a double layer of hexagonal prisms united together by pyramidal bases formed of three rhombs; and the rhombs and the sides of the hexagonal prisms will have every angle identically the same with the best measurements which have been made of the cells of the hive-bee.”—p. 227.

By what follows we are led to suppose that the *Melipona* must know all this,—must “*somehow judge accurately*” of distances, &c.—must act upon it; and then “this bee would make a structure as wonderfully perfect as that of the hive-bee.”\* And further, “by such modifications of instincts, in themselves not very wonderful,—hardly more wonderful than those which guide a bird to make her nest,—I believe that the hive-bee has acquired, through natural selection, her inimitable architectural powers.”†

Truly, some philosophy, when translated out of its own idiom into the vernacular, sounds wonderfully like folly. Having advanced thus far in our analysis of Mr. Darwin's theory, we think it inadvisable to pursue the subject; for either these are the vagaries of a “distempered brain,” or our author is attempting to play off a solemn hoax upon the scientific world; and to this latter theory we do begin “seriously to incline.”

If, however, all this be intended as real argument and science, we will only in conclusion give a brief summary of the result of the entire argument:—

1. The hypothesis of descent or development from one original form, or a few forms, does not appear to be required by any peculiarities of organization, affinities, or geographical distributions; none of these presenting any difficulties more insuperable on the ordinary theory of creation than by this theory.

2. This hypothesis is inadequate to account for the change of any one species into another, when applied to individual instances. It fails wholly also to give any rational history of the *origin* and development of new and complex organs, and *à fortiori* of elaborate instincts, such as those noticed.

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\* p. 227.

† p. 228.

3. There does not appear to be any evidence of the occurrence of "*useful variations*;" nor any prospect that these, minute as they are represented to be, can be of any avail in the struggle for life, against influences of such potency.

4. There is an entire lack of direct evidence as to any change in species. On the contrary, all history tells of their constancy. *No new organ has ever been known to have appeared.*

5. Neither between species as now existing, nor between those of which we find the records in the earth's strata, is there the slightest evidence of that *fine gradation of transitorial forms* which we ought to find had organic life been developed on this principle.

6. There is no evidence anywhere of the development of higher from lower forms. On the contrary, it appears that the higher tribes of any given race first appeared; and that the type afterwards dwindled or was "degraded," before the advent of a higher order.

7. The assumption of evidence which may possibly exist somewhere, under the ocean, or in a metamorphic condition, is a gratuitous and dangerous hypothesis, by which any conceivable theory might equally be supported.

Nevertheless, we rise from the perusal of this very remarkable book, not more impressed with the singularly profound inaptitude of the entire hypothesis, than we are with the patience manifested by the author in the accumulation of facts,—the artistic skill with which he can impress them into the support of the most opposed positions,—and the fertility of resource and indomitable courage with which he battles for his theory, in the face of the most overwhelming odds of opposed phenomena;—qualities which, if better directed, could scarcely fail to enrol the name of Darwin amongst those which have become classic in Natural History.

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## II.

## THE FIRST ARCTIC EXPEDITION TO THE NORTH-WEST.

THE Arctic voyages of the mariners of Elizabeth stand foremost among the heroic achievements of mankind. In our own day, all the resources of the world's first maritime power have been strained to the uttermost to arm our sailors against the perils of the ice and darkness. They go forth with the most admirable instruments and appliances of science, and with charts and observations which embody the result of three hundred years of daring and successful toil. But these men went out with a gallant hardihood into unknown regions, in mere fishing boats; slightly manned and worse provisioned, sailing out, like the daring Vikings of old, with stedfast courage, into the bosom of the Arctic night. Sir Edward Belcher's splendidly-equipped searching expedition, and Martin Frobisher's two boats, "between twenty and five-and-twenty tunne apiece," well mark the difference—not, thank God, in courage, skill, and self-devotion, but in equipment—between the mariners of Elizabeth and our own. These Arctic sailors were the true successors of the Scandinavian sea-rovers, the most daring seamen whom the world has ever seen; who, battling with those stormy Northern seas, which were more terrible to Roman courage than the array of Cimbric battle on the plains of Italy, found high and joyful excitement in the conflict, and owned no masters even in the fiercest tempests which beat upon those ice-bound coasts. It is no exaggeration to speak of the joy, the fierce exultation, of the Northmen in their perilous conflicts with sea and storm. Read *Beowulf*, read the "*Heimskringla*," and you will see how this people found in the Northern Ocean the only enemy with which they felt themselves fairly mated; and there they learnt a contempt of minor perils, and a joy in difficult adventure, which has infused its noblest element into the blood of the most sober, sensible, and industrious, but, when pushed, the most daring and terrible nation of the earth. I often think of the sublime picture of the death and burial of the old Scyld, son of Scef, the father of *Beowulf*, with which that grand old epic opens. That people must have had a splendid imagination, the root of all high daring, who could bury their heaven-sent chief like this:—

"At his appointed time, then, Scyld departed, very decrepid, to go into the peace of the Lord: they then, his dear comrades, bore him out to the shore of the sea, as he himself requested, the while that the friend of the Scyldings the beloved chieftain, had power with his words; long he owned it. There upon the beach stood the ring-prowed ship, the vehicle of the noble, shining like ice, and ready to set out.

"Then they laid down the dear prince, the distributor of rings, in the bosom of the ship, the mighty one beside the mast; there was much of treasure, of



ornaments, brought from afar. Never heard I of a comelier ship having been adorned with battle-weapons and war-weeds, with bills and mailed coats. Upon his bosom lay a multitude of treasures, which were to depart afar with him, into the possession of the flood. They furnished him not less with offerings, with mighty wealth, than those had done who in the beginning sent him forth in his wretchedness alone over the waves. Moreover, they set up for him a golden ensign, high overhead; they let the deep sea bear him; they gave him to the ocean. Sad was their spirit, mournful their mood. Men know not in sooth to say (men wise of counsel, or any men under the heavens) who received that freight.—*BEOWULF* (Kemble's Translation.)

Thus the Northmen took possession worthily of those stormy seas. Thus, too, the patriarchs took possession of Canaan: by making it the burying-place of their dead. This distinction between the Roman and the Saxon courage is very worthy of attention. Roman courage would dare anything for duty, or in pursuit of notable and sufficient ends. It could stand calmly at its post under the lava-floods of Vesuvius, or leap full-armed into a yawning chasm, for its country and its gods. But that daring which loves peril for its own sake, and, mad with the excitement of the conflict, woos danger as a bride, belongs to the Northern races alone. There are many brave races among the modern European people of Romance origin; French, Spaniards, Italians, have never been charged with backwardness when daring deeds had to be done. But to this day the Englishman's love of adventure, the joy he takes in perilous enterprises, for the sake of the excitement and the high occupation of the faculties which they afford, is a mystery to these peoples. *L'Anglais* is always regarded and treated abroad as a man who may break out into a kind of adventurous mania at any moment. The old Berserker *furor* still survives among us, though in a milder form—*teste*, Mr. Wills on the edge of the Wetterhorn, or Dr. Tyndale guideless on the peaks of Monte Rosa or Mont Blanc. So these stormy oceans, by a kind of elective affinity, belong to us. Our ancestors took possession of them royally; and down through Alfred, Athelstan, Knut, Harold, the Lancastrian house, Edward IV., to Elizabeth, passed of right the sceptre of the narrow seas. In those ages, English maritime enterprise was but limited. There was little to tempt it forth into the broad ocean; but the changeful climate, the frequent storms, the long winter nights, and the perilous rockbound coasts of these Northern regions, tended to nurse that skill, daring, and love of maritime adventure, which broke out at last, when the field was prepared, into the enterprises which I am about to chronicle, and which won, in one brief generation, the naval mastery of the world.

In a former paper, we have traced the history of oceanic discovery from its dawn in the days of the kinsman of our Lancastrian kings, Prince Henry of Portugal, to the commencement of Arctic discovery in the reign of Elizabeth. The idea of a nearer path to the gem and spice regions which Gama and Columbus had laid open to European enterprise and commerce, was the inspiration of the daring mariners who forced the barrier of the Polar zone, and led

the van of the most brilliant exploits of modern times. Commerce was the genius of discovery; but imagination cast a halo of splendour even around the traffic and barter of that romantic age. Science has long since occupied the place of commerce as the genius of Arctic discovery; but the stately dame may acknowledge her debt to her homelier sister without shame. "First that which is natural, then that which is spiritual," is the law everywhere. But the men who led the expeditions—Frobisher, Davis, Baffin, Hudson, Button, Fox, and James, were knight-errants of the most exalted school. The honour to be won through danger and difficulty was their cynosure; they left the profit to the stay-at-homes who furnished the expeditions, and who looked for some substantial recompense in spices, gems, and gold. At any rate, Martin Frobisher, the pioneer of Arctic discovery, had a hero's soul in him, and inveighed as bitterly against the narrow souls and the timid hearts of the traders, as the brawniest of our muscular Christians could rail at the dogmas of the accepted gospel of free trade. Frobisher, the first of our Arctic mariners—the first in time, the first in honour—seems to have been a north countryman, from near Doncaster. From those parts too one day the Pilgrim Fathers would cast wistful glances at the New World. Drake was a south countryman, from Devon, as were most of the naval heroes of Elizabeth's reign. A very interesting account of the man, and of the origin of the enterprise, is given by one Master George Best, or Beast, as some write it, who was engaged in the voyage. Our readers will like to have it in his own words. After a long exordium to prove the Arctic zone habitable, he proceeds:—"Which thing being well considered, and familiarly known to our general, Captain Frobisher, as well for that he is thorowly furnished of the knowlege of the sphere, and all other skilles appertayning to the art of navigation, as also for the confirmation he hath of the same by many years' experience, both by sea and land, and being persuaded of a new and nearer passage to Cataya than by Capo de Bona Speranza, which the Portugals yearly use: he began first with himself to devise and then with his friends to conferre, and laid a plain plot unto them that the voyage was not only possible by the north-west, but also he could prove easy to be performed. And further he determined and resolved with himself to go make full proofe thereof, and to accomplish or bring true certificate of the truth, or else never to return again: *knowing this to be the only thing of the world that was left yet undone whereby a notable mind might be made famous and fortunate.* But although his will were great to perform this notable voyage, whereof he had conceived in his mind a great hope, by sundry sure reasons and secret intelligences, which here for sundry reasons I leave untouched, yet he wanted altogether means and ability to set forward and perform the same. Long time he conferred with his private friends of these secrets, and made also many offers for the performing of the same in effect unto sundry merchants of our country, about fifteen years before he attempted the same, as by

good witness shall well appear. But perceiving that hardly he was harkened unto by the merchants, which never regard virtue without sundry certain and present gains, he repaired to the court, from whence, as from the fountain of our commonwealth, all good causes have their chief increase and maintenance" (that was before the establishment of the circumlocution office), "and there laid open to many great estates and learned men the plot and sum of his device. And among many honourable minds which favoured his honest and commendable enterprise, he was specially beholden to the Right Hon. Ambrose Dudley, Earle of Warwick, whose favourable mind and good disposition hath always been ready to countenance and advance all honest actions, with the authors and executors of the same. And so, by means of my lord's honourable countenance, he received some comfort of his cause; and by little and little, with no small expense and pain, brought his cause to some perfection, and had drawn together so many adventurers, and such sums of money, as might well defray a reasonable charge to furnish himself to sea withal. He prepared two barks of 20 to 25 tons a-piece, wherein he prepared to accomplish his pretended voyage. Wherefore, being furnished with the foresaid two barks, and a small pinnace of 10 tons burden, having therein victuals and other necessities for twelve months' provision, he departed upon the said voyage from Blackwall, the 15th June, A.D. 1576."

The first entry in the log-book is as follows:—"The 8th being Friday, about 12 of the clock, we wayed at Deptford, and set sail all three of us, and bare down by the Court, where we shotte off our ordinance, and made the best possible show we could. Her Majestie beholding the same, commended it, and bade us farewell with shaking her hand at us out of the window. Afterward she sent a gentleman aboard of us, who declared that Her Majestie had good liking of our doings, and thanked us for it, and also wished our captain to come to Court the next day to take his leave of her. The same day, towards night, Mr. Secretary Wooley came aboard of us, and declared to the company that Her Majestie had appointed him to give them charge to be obedient and diligent to their captain and governors in all things, and wished us happie success."

They had an easy and prosperous course N.W. till on the 11th of May, they sighted land in lat. 61 deg. N. "It rose," says the log-book, "like pinnacles of steeples, and all covered with snow." This was evidently the southern part of Greenland. They attempted to land, "but the great store of yce," and the heavy mists forbade. In a great tempest off this coast, the pinnace, with four hands on board (fancy the hardihood of taking her there), foundered, and all perished. The *Michael*, mistrusting the matter, privily conveyed herself home again—there were laggards and traitors then as now—where she arrived safely, and reported the *Gabriel* with Frobisher lost. Alone now in the *Gabriel*, the first Arctic mariner stood on to accomplish his enterprise. The accounts of the expedition are but



meagre; they are far less full, and therefore less interesting, than the narratives of the men, hardly his equals, who followed on the same path. We have what may be called the log-book of the ship, and the brief narrative drawn up by Mr. Best, or Beast, as he stands on the ship's registers, who sailed in the expedition. There is further a MS. in the Cottonian Collection in the British Museum, now unhappily much damaged by fire, in the handwriting of one Michael Lok, who advanced £800 out of the £2,400 which the expedition cost. In that MS. there is a little anecdote of Frobisher, which is invaluable as a revelation of the man's character, and of the extent to which his modest but daring spirit held the mastery over the crew.

"On the 13th July, in the rage of an extreme storm, the vessel was cast flat on her side, and being open in the waste, was filled with water, so as she lay still for sunk, and would neither wear nor steer with any help of the helm, and could never have risen again but by the marvellous work of God's great mercy to help them all. In this distress, when all the men in the ship had lost their courage, and did dispayr of life, the captain, *lyke himself*, with valiant courage stood up, and passed alongst the ship's side in the chain wales, lying on her flat side, and caught hold on the weather leech of the forsail, but in the wether coyling of the ship the foryard brake. 'To ease her the mizen-mast was cut away, but she still rolled heavily, so that the water issued from both sides, though withal without anything floating over. Soon the poor storm-buffeted bark was put before the sea, and all hands were set to work to repair damages.' "

Hakluyt adds another anecdote to the same effect, under the date September 7th:—"We had a very terrible storm, by force whereof one of our men was thrown into the sea, but he caught hold of the foresail sheet, and there held till the captain plucked him in again." A true captain; if anything was to be done, he was the man to do it; if any peril was to be met, he was the man to face it; if any honour was to be claimed, he was the last to challenge it. There is something almost sublime in the courage and conduct of the captain of that little boat, standing on through storm and ice into the bosom of those unknown Arctic seas. "The worthy captain, notwithstanding these discomforts, though the mast was sprung and the topmast blown overboard with extreme stress of weather, continued his course to the N.W.; believing the sea must needs at length have an ending, and that some land should have a beginning that way; and determined, therefore, at least to bring a true proof what land and sea the same might be, so far N.-Westwards, beyond any that hath ever been discovered." He stood on to some purpose across the mouth of the straits, to which John Davis was so soon to give his name, and struck the American coast in lat. 62 deg. 30 min. Working up to 63 deg. 8 min., he found himself at the mouth of an inlet, "a great gut, bay, or passage," which he entered joyfully, believing that the Western Passage was found to Cathay. "This place he named after himself, Frobisher's Straits, like as Magellanus in the S.W. end of the world, having discovered the passage to the South Sea, where America is divided from the continent of that land which lieth under the South Pole, and called the same Magel-

lan's Straits." He sailed 60 leagues up the inlet, which was afterwards, through a kind of blunder, rebaptized by the name of Lumley, and found that the difficulties of the navigation increased as he advanced. At the extreme point where he landed he fell in with a "salvage people," whom he likens to Tartars in appearance. They used canoes made of seal skins, with a kind of wood within the skin, and in shape in some respect resembling the shallops of Spain. "One of the natives, after a boat with five men had been captured by treachery, was caught by a stratagem, whereupon when he found himself in captivity, for very choler and disdain, he bit his tongue in twain between his mouth; notwithstanding he died not thereof, but lived until he came to England, and then died of cold which he had taken at sea." The summer being far spent, Frobisher having collected much valuable information for the guidance of future expeditions, resolved to return. He weighed from the mouth of the straits on the 26th of August, and made Harwich safely on the 2nd of October.

He was received in England with distinguished honours. "He was highly commended of all men for his great and notable attempt, but specially famous for the great hope he brought of the passage to Cathaya." But happily for discovery, something more precious than even the spices of Cathay seemed to be likely to rise out of the expedition, and led to its renewal the following year.

There are two versions of this curious story; which shows how our ancestors found, as we find, the great magnet of migration to be gold. One account of it is in Hakluyt, and runs thus:—The sailors of course brought home with them all kinds of curious things from these unknown regions, and among these curiosities were some pieces of stone "like sea cole in colour." The wife of one of the sailors by chance threw one of these pieces on the fire, and when it became heated quenched it with vinegar, "when it glistened with a bright marquesett of gold." Then it was given to the gold refiners, who assayed it and reported it to be "gold ore, and very rich for the quantity." The other version of the story is Lok's. He says in the MS. above referred to, that he obtained a piece on board Frobisher's ship, and took it at once to a refiner, who gave a bad report of it. Lok, however, (apparently resolved to find gold in it) took a piece of the ore to one John Baptista Agnello, who proved more accommodating, and found gold three several times; a grain of which it would seem Lok delivered to Her Majesty. Great excitement arose thereupon. But there was no insane rush to the gold-fields. Men did not mob in those days as they do now. There is a staid and deliberate deportment in the men of all classes, which shows "the man" in grand contrast to those gregarious families of the brute creation, to which in these days he seems to esteem it an honour to be conformed. Still there was reasonable energy and haste. Three ships were furnished at a cost of £4,400, of which zealous poor Michael Lok, if his wailings "from the Fleete Pryson in London" are credible, was left to make up £1,400. A royal ship

this time—the *Aid*, of 200 tons burden—carried Frobisher with 100 persons, “thirty gentlemen and soldiers, and the rest sufficient and talle sailors.” Our old friend the *Gabriel*, carried 18, and the *Michael*, 16 men.

They left Blackwall on the 26th of May. Frobisher, having kissed Her Majesty’s hand, was dismissed by her with “gracious countenance and comfortable words. On the 27th, at Gravesend, aboard the *Ayde*, we all received the communion by the minister of Gravesend, and prepared us, as good Christians towards God, and resolute men, for all fortunes; and towards night we departed unto Tilburie Hope.” On the 7th of June they touched at the Orkneys, of which the captain gives a graphic but dismal picture. He says, “the inhabitants were very beastly, and rudely in respect of civility; their houses are poor without, and sluttish enough within, and the people in nature thereunto agreeable.” However, they were a canny people then as now. Frobisher says, with a sly touch of humour, “yet they are not ignorant of the value of our coine.” On the 16th of July they were off the mouth of the straits, where they remained till the 23rd of August. On the way Frobisher made the sagacious observation that the ice mountains, which they passed, the size of which filled them with amazement, “were bred in the sounds, or some land near the pole; and that the main sea never freezeth, wherefore there is no mare glaciale, as the opinion hitherto hath been.” They occupied the time while in the straits, not in pushing discovery, but in searching for gold ore, Frobisher being expressly directed by his commission, “to search for the ore, and defer the discovery of the passage till another time”—a direction which, like a brave and loyal captain, he implicitly obeyed. In his former expedition he had lost five men and a boat through the treachery of the Esquimaux. He was deeply anxious to get news of them, and used all kinds of stratagems to entrap the wary natives, but with small success.

“At our first arrival, after the ships rode at anchor, our generall, with such company as could be spared the ships, in marching order entered the land, having special care, by exhortation, that on our entrance thereto we should all with one voice, kneeling upon our knees, chiefly thank God for our safe arrival; secondly, beseech him that it would please his Divine Majesty long to continue our Queen, for whom we, in this order, took possession of the country; and, thirdly, that by our Christian study and endeavour these barbarous peoples, trained up in paganism and infidelity, might be reduced to the knowledge of true religion and the hope of salvation through Christ the Redeemer.”

Thus they took possession of the country. “In the name of God, Amen,” meant something on those men’s lips. The place where they landed they named “Mount Warwicke.” As they returned to their boats they saw some natives, who, with cries like the roaring of bulls, seemed to desire conference. With due circumspection, Frobisher and another met two of the natives, one of whom, for lack of better merchandise, “cut off the tail of his coat, and gave it to the general.” The general tried to seize him, but he was too



nimble, and escaped. Regaining their bows and arrows, they shot, and wounded the poor general ignominiously in the rear. A general skirmish ensued—the savages fled—when an Englishman, one “Nicholas Conger, a goode footman, and unencumbered with any furniture, having only a dagger at his back, overtook one of them, and being a Cornish man, and a good wrestler, showed his companion such a Cornish trick, that he made his sides ake against the ground for a month after, and so being stayed, he was taken alive, and brought away.” Frobisher, to his great sorrow, could learn nothing of his men. They then stood over the straits to search for ore, and they found something which looked like it; but, on trial, discovered the truth of the proverb, “That all is not gold that glittereth.” Farther on, however, they found a substance which gave them greater hope; and also a dead fish, having a horn two yards long, which being, of course, the unicorn’s, they brought home, “and reserved as a jewel for the Queen’s wardrobe.” The floating ice in the strait greatly troubled them; “whoso maketh navigation in those countrys, hath not only storms, winds, and furious seas to encounter, but also many monstrous and great islands of ice, a thing both rare, wonderful, and greatly to be regarded.” In a place which they called York Sound, there was further skirmishing with the natives, and two women were seized. “The one being old and ugly, our men thought she had been a devil, or some witch, and her buskins were pulled off to see if she had cloven feet or no.” Being comforted on that head, “they let her go, seeing she was old, and of an ugly hue.” The other was young, with an infant at her back. The infant was wounded in the skirmish, and the surgeon applied salves. The woman, “not acquainted with that kind of surgery, plucked those salves away, “and exhibited a pretty kind of surgery which nature teacheth,” and, “by continual licking of her own tongue, not much unlike a dog, she healed up the child’s arm.” The two captives were brought together. The narrative of their demeanour to each other is very touching. They marked them well, and were struck with the woman’s singular modesty and propriety; a modesty which, as Christian gentlemen, they had the manliness to respect, in notable and noble contrast to the habits of the early adventurers of Spain. From them Frobisher heard that his men were alive, and he wrote a letter—the first correspondence of the Arctic regions—which he sent on shore, hoping that by some good chance it might fall in their way. Here it is word for word.

“In the name of God, in whom we all believe, who (I trust) hath preserved your bodies and souls among these infidels, I commend me unto you. I will be glad to seek by all means you can devise for your deliverance, either with force or with any commodities within my ships, which I will not spare for your sakes, or anything else I can do for you. I have aboard of theirs a man, a woman, and a child, which I am contented to deliver for you, but the man which I carried away from hence last year is dead in England. Moreover, you may declare unto them that if they deliver you not, I will not leave a man alive in their country. And thus if one of you can come to speak with me, they shall have either the

man, woman, or child in power for you; and thus unto God, whom I trust you do serve, in haste I leave you, and to Him we will daily pray for you. This Tuesday morning, 7th Aug., 1577."

The men, however, never appeared; and the season being far spent, and 200 tons of ore being on board, the general resolved to make good his return. "Forty gentlemen asked to march up and survey the country," but Frobisher, "well considering the time he had on hand, and the greedy desire our country hath to a present return of gain, resolved to return, and leave the rest to be, by God's help, hereafter well accomplished." On the 22nd of August, "making a bonfire on the highest mount in the island, and firing a volley in honour of Lady Anne, Countess Warwicke, whose name it beareth"—you see here the hearty and jovial spirit of the English—they weighed for home. They had a trying and stormy passage. On the 1st of September, the *Aid*, "lying a-lull," in order not to outstrip her consorts, was most grievously buffeted with the waves. "Afraid of being swamped, they got her before the wind, and ran. The next day being calm, they found the rudder was reft in twaine, and almost ready to fall away." Dismayed by this discovery, they braced their energies to repair the loss. They "flung half-a-dozen couple of the best men overboard, who, taking great pains, under water, driving planks, and binding with ropes, did well mend and strengthen the matter, though the most part returned more than half dead out of the water." This was the last severe trial. On the 23rd September the *Aid* made Milford Haven, the *Gabriel* made Bristol, the *Michael*, some northern port, with the loss of one man by sickness, and one man washed overboard, of which the night before he had a strange premonition in a dream.

"The 30th of August, with the force of the wind, and a surge of the sea, the master of the *Gabriel*, and the boatswain, were stricken both overboard; and hardly was the boatswain recovered, having hold on a rope hanging overboard in the sea; and yet the bark was laced fore and after, with ropes a breast high within boorde. This master was called William Smith, being but a young man, and a very sufficient mariner, who, being all the morning before exceeding pleasant, told his captain he dreamed that he was cast overboard, and that the boatswain had him by the hand, and could not save him. And so, immediately upon the end of his tale, his dreame came right euilly to passe; and indeed the boatswain, in like sort, held him by one hand, hauing hold on rope with the other untill his force fayled, and the master was drowned."

Frobisher hastened overland to Court, where he was received with great honour and joy. "The Queen delighted to find that the matter of the gold ore had appearance, and made show of great riches and profit, and the hope of the passage to Cataya by this voyage greatly increased." This was the report of a special commission appointed to investigate the subject. The Queen gave the name of "*Meta incognita*" to the newly discovered country, and it was resolved to send out an expedition in the ensuing year, thoroughly furnished for the establishment of a colony there.

This third expedition was by far the most important and imposing of the three, though it had the slightest issues. It consisted of fifteen ships, which assembled at Harwich on the 27th of May, and sailed on the 30th of May, 1578.

The captains assembled at Court to take leave of the Queen, who gave to Frobisher "a faire chain of gold."

The first misadventure was the foundering of the bark *Dennis*, of 100 tons, with the frame of the house for the colonists on board. This vessel received such a blow from a rock of ice that she sunk down therewith in sight of the whole fleet, her crew being with difficulty saved by the boats of the other ships. After the loss of the *Dennis*—which seems to have been regarded as an evil omen in the fleet—they met with a "sudden, terrible tempest" from the S.E. Having weathered the storm, they found themselves encompassed by the ice-pack, "having left much behind them thorow which they had passed, and finding more before them thorow which they could not pass. In this perilous situation each man did the best he could for the safety of his ship. "Some of the ships, where they could find a place more cleared of yce, and get a little berth of sea roome, did take in their sayles, and there lay adrift; other some fastened, and moored anker upon a great island of yce; and again, some were so fast shut up, and compassed in amongst an infinite number of great countreys and islands of yce, that they were faine to submit themselves and their ships to the mercy of the unmerciful yce, and strengthened the sides of their ships with junk of cables, beds, masts, planks, and such like, which being hanged overboard, on the sides of their ships, might better defend them from the outrageous sway and strokes of the said yce." Very amazing to them was the noise made by the churning of the ice in a tempestuous sea. "Truly it was wonderful to see and hear the rushing and the noise that the tides did make in that place, with so violent a force, that the ships lying a-lull were turned sometimes round about, even in a moment, after the manner of a whirlpool; and the noise of the stream no lesse to be heard afar off than the waterfall of London Bridge." It appears that in the stress of the weather they lost their reckoning, and that Frobisher was aware of it, but would not even hint it to his followers, lest they should be disheartened, and desire to return. At length, after great perils, in which the hardy and consummate seamanship of the various captains conspicuously appears, the whole fleet assembled in the Countess of Warwick's Sound, about the middle of August, and preparations were at once commenced for accomplishing the object of the expedition. It was proposed to leave one hundred men there to colonize the country, there being no notion at that time in England of what the winter temperature of the lands about the mouth of Davis's Straits might be. Poor Hudson's fate, and the terrible sufferings of Captain James, let some light in upon that in the succeeding reigns. But the foundering of the *Dennis*, with the house on board, mercifully defeated the plan. The provisions, too, for the 100 men were not forthcoming in sufficient quan-



tity: "so, for these and sundry good and sufficient reasons, it was resolved that no settlement should be there this yeare." On the 30th of August a council was held, and it was resolved to return as fully laden with ore as might be; but on the morrow, the 31st, the fleet was fairly blown out to sea by a tremendous storm, and scattered. The homeward passage was most tempestuous; "many of the ships were dangerously distressed, and severed almost asunder;" but the whole of them arrived safely at length, at different ports and at different times, the last on the 31st of October, 1578.

The adventures of the several ships are full of the deepest interest, did our space allow us to dwell on them. Captain Best, in the *Anne Frances*, showed singular hardihood. I give an extract from his narrative—it must serve as a sample of the rest. He had the materials of a small pinnace on board his ship, with the important exception of nails. He had the boat put together as well as he could manage it, and resolutely determined to explore the straits, as the ship could not pass. He found it difficult to get volunteers. "But manful and honest John Gray" volunteered to accompany him, and several at once followed his example; though the carpenter who put it together affirmed that he would not venture in it for five hundred pounds. They set forth; the rest I must give as far as I can in their own words:—

"On the 19th, Captain Best, accompanied by Captain Upcot, of the *Moon*, a worthy compeer, and eighteen hands, embarked in the small pinnesse, in prosecution of the hazardous voyage that was in contemplation. 'Having only the helpe of man's labour with ores,' and encountering much difficulty and danger in forcing their way through ice, they accomplished, by the 22nd of August, between forty and fifty leagues, and entered, as they imagined, the Countess of Warwick's Sound; but the identity of the place is not clear. Wherever they were, however, a variety of circumstances concurred to involve them in sore perplexity. On landing, the adventurers found great stones set up, as it seemed, by natives for marks. They also found crosses of stone, as if Christian people had been there. Re-embarking, and pulling along the shore, they noticed a smoke of a fire under a hill's side, 'whereof they diversely deemed.' Human figures then appeared in the distance, but too far off to be distinguished. Drawing nearer, the people ashore wafted, or seemed to waft, a flag, but the natives were wont to do the same when they saw a strange boat. Anon the perplexed mariners perceived certain tents; and they made the ensign to be 'of mingled colours, black and white, after the English fashion.' This discovery rather increased than diminished their amazement. No ship was to be seen; no harbourage was known of in the vicinity. Besides, it was not the practice of the English to visit those parts. Apprehension ensued. It was feared that by storms some ship had been driven up, or in some dense fog had missed the way—that the people had been wrecked and spoiled by the natives, by whom it was conjectured might be 'used the sundry-coloured flagge for a policie to bring others within their danger.' The resolution of the party was immediately taken. 'They determined to recover the same ensign, if it were so, from the base people, or els to lose their lives, and all together. But, in the end, they discerned them to be their countrymen, and then they deemed them to have lost their ships, and so to be gathered together for their better strength.' On the other hand, 'the companie ashoare feared that the capitaine, having lost his ship, came to seeke forth the fleete for his reliefe in his poor pinnesse, so that their extremities caused eche partie to suspect the worst.' Under

these circumstances, Captain Best took the precaution which prudence dictated. On nearing the shore, he 'commanded his boate carefully to be kepte affote, lest, in their necessitie, they might winne the same from him, and seeke first to save themselves; for every man, in that case, is next himself.' But no strife, he observes, followed the meeting of the two parties. On the contrary, unbounded delight predominated. 'They hailed one another according to the manner of the sea, and demanded, *What cheer?* and either party answered the other, that *all was well*; whereupon there was a sudden and joyful outshoute, with greate flinging up of caps, and a brave voly of shotte, to welcome one another. And truly,' it is observed, 'it was a most strange case to see how joyfull and gladde every partie was to see themselves meete in safetie againe, after so strange and incredible dangers: yet, to be short,' the narrator devoutly remarks, 'as their dangers were greate, so their God was greater.'"

The poor pinnace came to grief on the way home. She foundered at sea almost the moment after Captain Best and the adventurous crew who had embarked in her were received safely and joyfully on board. The other ships met with an abundant share of the special difficulties and dangers with which recent narratives of Arctic discovery have made us familiar. There is a dreary monotony of danger and suffering in the records of Arctic navigation, which stretch through near 300 years. Frobisher led the van—M'Clintock, completing Franklin's work, has closed it, for a time. We have given our readers a brief sketch of the first Arctic trilogy. It ends, for the time, in disappointment and confusion. As far as its immediate object was concerned, like all the rest, it failed. But I venture to think that it ended in a high success, if the daring and hardihood of her sons is the glory of a country, her chief defence in war, her sinew of strength in an honourable peace. In this school many of the men were trained whose nimble and daring seamanship bewildered and outmanœuvred the most renowned captains of Spain at England's Salamis. Frobisher, Fenton, Best, the heroes of these expeditions, were all there, foremost among the champions of England and the Gospel. Victors in such a strife as I have endeavoured to picture, to them it was but merry sport, "a morris dance on the waters," to scatter and shatter the grandest armada which Europe has ever sent forth on the seas, and to challenge for England that naval supremacy which has never yet been disputed by an equal, and never will be—let them build ships as they like—while the world endures. One broad feature in the history of Arctic enterprise is the pious and God-fearing character of the men who have made themselves its heroes. There is here a grand and almost unbroken unity from Frobisher to Franklin. Bibles, and books which may be the companions of godly men, are the most notable of the relics of our gallant countrymen which bestrew those dreary regions; and I extract from the sailing orders of Frobisher's squadron, Article 8, which contains the watchword: "If any man in the fleet come up in the night, and hale his fellow, he shall give him the watchword, 'Before the world was God;' the other shall answer him, if one of ours, that 'after God came Christ, his Son.'"

B. B.

## III.

## THOMAS BECKET.\*

WELL nigh seven hundred years have passed away since the fresh blood of Thomas Becket stained the steps of St. Benedict's altar at Canterbury. The proud line of the Plantagenets has been succeeded by the Tudors, the Tudors by the Stuarts, the Stuarts by the Guelphs; and the Cathedral where, during twelve generations, St. Thomas was installed far above "our lady" now echoes with the chants of a Protestant service, and dignitaries, chosen solely by the royal will, now minister at her altars. Still, the strife of the regal and ecclesiastical powers—typified so vividly by Plantagenet and Becket has not ceased; and here, in the year 1860, two portly volumes claim our notice; the one by a clergyman of the Church of Rome, elevating Becket, of course, into an immaculate saint and martyr; the other by Canon Robertson, who—as member of a Church which, not content with rendering to "Caesar the things which are Caesar's," has most lavishly rendered him "the things which are God's"—also can do but scant justice to his hero, so profound is his reverence for "Church and State."

For ourselves, as heartily opposed to royal authority in matters of religion as to priestly domination, and belonging to neither Church, we will take a view of Becket and his contest from a Nonconformist standpoint, and going over more at length the history of his earlier life, and marking the various influences and associations by which he was surrounded, endeavour to form a just estimate of his character. It were easy to make the story of Becket as dull as a Chancery report, but thus treated, and in the light of his own stirring times, it is an interesting episode in our history, and not without its moral.

Little can be ascertained respecting Becket's family save that his father was a citizen of London; and tradition has reported that he was a goldsmith. But the pretty little romance—how Gilbert Becket set forth with his fellow croises to the far east, and was taken captive, and released by the Soldan's fair daughter; how the fair Mathild found, when the Christian soldier was gone, that he had taken her heart with him; and then how she fled, and wandering to Acre with only the two English words on her lips, "Gilbert" and "London" she sought passage over the sea, and arrived in London, and stood desolate in the streets, asking for "Gilbert," while the crowd gazed wonderingly on her strange garb and her strange beauty; until, guided to Gilbert's home, she there, after being like Harold the Dauntless, "christened and wed," became the mother of St. Thomas. This pretty tale we regret to say we must give up, for

\* "Becket, Archbishop of Canterbury: a Biography." By James Craigie Robertson, M.A., Canon of Canterbury.



not even an allusion to it is to be found in the narratives of the four contemporary writers who have supplied us with the most authentic information; and it is first told in the chronicle of "fabling Brompton."

Although in this case, reluctantly agreeing with Canon Robertson, we cannot allow that Becket was of Norman parentage. His father at one time during his life held high office in the city—according to FitzStephen, that of "portreve," an office subsequently merged in the higher dignity of lord mayor. Now, most unlikely was it that in a community so thoroughly Saxon as London, the representative of East Anglia, and the capital of the kingdom of Mercia, a stranger of Norman birth should have been thus honoured. His election must have taken place some time during the thirty-five years of Henry's reign; and his charter, granted on his accession, expressly secures to the citizens the proud right of choosing both their sheriffs and magistrates. Tradition asserts, too, that Becket's father was a goldsmith. Now, this alone, and it has never been contradicted, would prove that he was of Saxon race, for we have no instance whatever until late in the history of our city guilds of a Norman belonging to the fraternity of "St. Dunstan, of the goldsmiths." Becket's answer, however, to his great enemy, Gilbert Foliot, who seems to have taunted him as being of low origin, is, we think, conclusive on this subject. "For, if you refer to my descent and to my forefathers, truly they were London citizens, dwelling, without blame, among their fellow-citizens, nor by any means among the lowest." It is difficult to imagine any one, save a Saxon inhabitant of London, using words like these within a century after the Norman conquest.

The year 1118, and the 21st December, whence his name, has been given as the date of Becket's birth. We are told that both father and mother in piety resembled Zacharias and Elizabeth; and that his mother carefully instructed him from infancy, and early placed him under the protection of the Virgin, directing him "to cast all his trust upon her after Christ," for Mary was not as yet "Queen of Heaven." It affords a suggestive trait of those times so characterised by abundant almsgiving, when we find one of his biographers relating that the mother was from time to time accustomed to weigh her boy, filling the opposite scale with money, food, and clothing, which were afterwards duly distributed among the poor. He does not appear to have had any brothers; but three sisters are mentioned, one of whom, subsequently to his death, became Abbess of Barking.

When ten years old Thomas was sent to the Augustine priory at Merton, but he was soon after brought back to London, where he attended school—very probably, we think, the old cathedral school at St. Paul's; but being by no means given to study, and probably being early taken under the protection of Richer de l'Aigle, a noble who owned the proud castle of Pevensey, and who lodged at Gilbert Becket's house, as was customary with barons when the king held his court in London, and had taken a strong liking to the boy, he seems to have received no farther education, but to have

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become a kind of page in De l'Aigle's household. With his lord, young Thomas, a remarkably handsome and clever youth, became a great favourite. He hunted and hawked with him, and doubtless then contracted those habits of luxurious extravagance for which he was subsequently censured. From some cause, not stated, he quitted his patron; and his mother having died, and his father becoming reduced in circumstances, Thomas, now about twenty-one, set out for Paris, but not to attend the lectures of learned men—not like his friend and eulogist, John of Salisbury, studying grammar with William de Cœnobriem, and logic and divinity with Magister Gilbert, but apparently to finish his wholly secular education by taking lessons in French, according to the Parisian mode of pronunciation; and, as Lord Campbell expresses it, to get rid of his English accent.

A short time would suffice for this, so he soon after returned; and then we find him in the service of a rich kinsman, named Osbern Huitdeniers, as clerk and accountant. This Osbern is termed a merchant; but from his name—evidently a nickname—(eightpenny), and from Becket being represented as his accountant, we have little doubt that his trade was that of a usurer—a very lucrative, though a much and justly-abused trade at this time. Subsequently we find him filling a similar, but more miserable, situation under the sheriffs of London. Thus, up to at least his twenty-sixth year, no thought of entering the Church—even by those half orders which would entitle him to write “Clericus” after his name, and to plead, if necessary, “benefit of clergy”—seems to have occurred to Becket's mind. The bold, handsome page, skilful in the sports of the field, had become the clever man of business, the quick arithmetician, busy with tallies, and the counters that aided the imperfect calculations of an age to which the Arabic numerals were unknown.

There was much, however, at this period to awaken ambition in the mind of a young man. England had been the scene of constant civil war for the last seven years; and although there was now some prospect of coming tranquillity, still everything was unsettled, and no one could tell what the next year might bring. These are just the times for the active and enterprising, and when, too, such are eagerly sought after; we therefore think it very probable that the talents which Thomas had already shown in his office under the sheriffs, combined with his political capabilities, marked him out—although, subordinately, he might have owed the first introduction to a kind friend—for a higher station; and this he found in the service of Theobald, Archbishop of Canterbury, in the year 1144.

We are told that at this time Thomas Becket was tall and handsome in person, quick and eloquent of speech, of readiest apprehension, so that the deficiencies of his early education were scarcely perceivable; a skilful chess-player—an important accomplishment in the twelfth century—and unrivalled in hunting and hawking, and every manly exercise. A young man thus gifted must indeed have

been a pleasant inmate at the aged archbishop's residence at Harrow, where the sports of the merry greenwood would often present to the younger members of that immense household a welcome relief from the dull routine of a semi-claustral establishment. But Becket won favour in the eyes of the primate, too; and although twice compelled to leave, through the misrepresentation of a learned clerk, one Roger Pont d'Eveque, who probably scorned him for his want of learning, twice he returned, to stand higher each time in the favour of his patron. We think it was probably about this time, in order that he might profit by the liberality of the primate, that Becket took orders; for although deacon's orders did not permit him to perform church ceremonies, they allowed him to claim church emoluments; and so we find that in a short time the living of St. Mary-le-Strand, and that of Otford in Kent, together with prebends belonging to St. Paul's and Lincoln, were bestowed on the fortunate young deacon. It was then that Becket seems to have been determined to improve his defective education, and obtaining leave from Archbishop Theobald, he repaired to the continent for the benefit of its schools.

The reader need scarcely be reminded that this was the era of the revival of the canon and civil law; and that this new study had become so popular as almost to supersede both logic and grammar. Archbishop Theobald, we find, had been so interested in this new study that he imported copies of the Pandects, and invited Magister Vaccarius to lecture upon them at Oxford. King Stephen had, however, shortly after silenced the professor, and ordered the books to be destroyed—a step which was followed by the usual consequence of making the study more popular than ever; but as the lecturer had retired from England, the students were compelled to seek instruction in the continental schools. At this time the celebrated Gratian lectured at Bologna, and thither Becket repaired to study the canon law; and then, after a shorter stay at Auxerre, but pursuing the same study, he returned to England.

Ere long, Becket was raised to a very high position in the archbishop's service. He was entrusted with difficult and delicate missions connected with the affairs of the see; and in 1152 is said to have "paved the way for the succession of Henry II., by prevailing upon Eugenius III. to forbid the coronation of Eustace as his father's colleague, although King Stephen had sent the Archbishop of York to urge his suit at the papal court." Theobald, the Archbishop, had been long at variance with Stephen, and therefore was anxious for the succession of young Plantagenet, hence the efforts made by Becket; and we may here remark that however much Henry might talk of the gratitude due to him from Becket, there evidently was no slight claim on Becket's side, of gratitude due from the king.

From this time, Becket's rise in station and influence was singularly rapid; additional Church preferment was lavished upon him; even the archdeaconry of Canterbury, when the death of the Arch-

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bishop of York elevated Becket's old foeman, Roger Pont l'Eveque, to the vacant see. Indeed, so enormous a pluralist had he become through the partiality of his patron, that when subsequently taunted with the favours Plantagenet had conferred upon him, he could reply, that what with his archdeaconry, and "*plurimæ ecclesiæ, prebendæ nonnullæ, et alia etiam non pauca!*" he was in possession of a right royal income years before Henry ascended the throne. In reviewing this part of Becket's life, we must still bear in mind that he was viewed as a layman; that he hunted, and hawked, and gave splendid feasts, and clothed himself in the most gorgeous attire, without blame, even without the surprise of his contemporaries, for "deacon's orders" involved no clerical duties—far less anything like the mortification of the cloister. It was an age of great luxury, and of splendid observances, and Archdeacon Thomas bore himself as gallantly among his friends as the wealthiest noble.

It were much to be wished that we had more specific records of Becket's life at this time, for there seems little doubt that he was actively engaged in promoting the cause of the young prince, who was so soon to wear the crown. Had Becket been a devoted servant of the Church, he must have looked forward to that event with anxious forebodings. Young Henry's grandfather kept a high hand over his clergy; his mother's first husband had held Pope Paschal II. in captivity, while his father sprung from a race remarkable for their hostility to churchmen—who in return told the story how his grandmother had been carried off through the roof of a Church, after the prim fashion of the old woman of Berkeley—had distinguished himself by most outrageous conduct towards the clergy of Anjou; and from all accounts, young Henry himself appeared likely enough to follow these goodly examples. Even Archbishop Theobald seems rather to have feared; and with a view to provide a counter-acting influence, he is said to have introduced the handsome, eloquent, clearsighted archdeacon to the notice of the future monarch. At the period of his accession, Henry was in his twenty-second year, Becket in his thirty-sixth. Thus, while Becket had considerable advantage over the king in point of years, he was still a young man who could share in his pastimes—and Henry was a keen lover of the sports of the wood and the field—as well as participate in his counsels, and conduct his political negotiations. We have referred, rather at length, to these events of Becket's early years, because, without bearing them in mind, it is impossible to form a correct opinion of his subsequent conduct.

Rapid as had been the rise of Becket in the aged archbishop's favour, even more rapid was the progress of his favour with the young king. He was raised to the dignity of chancellor in the very first year of Henry's reign; "a second Joseph set over the land of Egypt," as Grim remarks, while so great, and so obvious was the partiality already expressed by the king, that Archbishop Theobald himself writes to him, "It sounds in the ears, and is in the mouths of the people, that you and the king are of one heart and of one soul."

Although the office of chancellor differed in some respects from the modern, it was even in the twelfth century a station of great influence. The chancellor had "the custody of the Great Seal, the superintendence of the king's chapel, the care of vacant sees, abbeys, and baronies; he was entitled, without any summons, to attend all the king's councils, and all royal grants passed through his hands." But, in addition, Becket had become Henry's chief adviser; and in this office, we shall find that England indeed owed a debt of gratitude to him. At his suggestion, the foreign mercenaries, who had grievously plundered the people, were driven away; the castles, which had been the strongholds of rapine and cruelty, were razed to the ground—one writer estimates them at nearly three hundred; thieves and lawless men, who during Stephen's reign had pillaged almost with impunity, were sternly put down; and families were re-instated in the possessions which had been wrested from them during the civil war. These great benefits, which even Becket's enemies never denied, were sufficient to make Chancellor Thomas one of the most popular men in the whole kingdom. But popular tradition does not stop here, when handing down the story of "the blessed martyr's" good deeds. It told how many an unjust decree was reversed, how many a sanguinary law was suspended, how equably the tollage was imposed, how sternly the oppressor was dealt with, while the son of the Saxon goldsmith held the Great Seal. Surely the common belief that Thomas was Saxon by birth, and yet more Saxon in heart, must have been the true one, when we find that his aid was invoked both by barons and people during their struggle with John; that he, as the *English* saint and martyr, was supplicated to befriend his countrymen in De Montfort's long contest for freedom; and that when, after the battle of Boroughbridge, Earl Thomas of Lancaster was so basely executed by his cousin Edward II., the populace claimed for him the palm of martyrdom, and exulted that from henceforth *two* English saints would watch over English freedom—St. Thomas à Becket, and St. Thomas of Lancaster. Now, Becket's contest with the king had no reference to particular rights: surely, then, it must have been his conduct as chancellor, his love—expressed in word and in deed—for Saxon men, that linked so closely in the popular mind the memory of him who was martyr in the cause of *ecclesiastical* power with their aspirations after freedom.

According to some historians, everything is dim and misty in past times; and verily! dim and misty enough are the pictures *they* give us. This is always to be regretted if the study be the middle ages, because there was so much of the picturesque alike in regal and ecclesiastical observances, and so much proving, too, that much which has been asserted as to the barbarism of these ages is utterly untrue. In reading FitzStephen's account of Becket, or John of Salisbury's letters, we can scarcely imagine that he lived seven hundred years ago. Always gorgeous in his habits, and delicate in his tastes, the chancellor sate in his dining-hall, surrounded by

richly-clad attendants—many of them the sons of nobles. The richest drapery decked the tables; silver and gold plate alone was used; the costliest wines were poured from golden beakers into enamelled and jewelled cups, and huge silver candelabra with coloured wax-lights were placed around. Preserves from France and Spain, sturgeon from the northern seas, beccaficos from Italy, spices from the farthest east, all supplied the feast, to which a throng of knights and nobles were daily invited, and to which the king himself would often come quite unexpectedly, sometimes snatching up the cup of wine placed before the chancellor, drinking it off, and laughingly departing; sometimes leaping over the table, and seating himself by his side, but always treating his favourite on terms of perfect equality.

Far and wide went the fame of the right royal state of Henry's chancellor; but when he went on his embassy into France in 1159, the description of his progress reads like a tale of Oriental romance. Canon Robertson gives a portion of it, but we will marshal the long procession just as it passed before the admiring eyes of Becket's affectionate biographer, FitzStephen. First came two hundred boys, singing *English* songs, next the staghounds in couples with the huntsmen, then a train of huge waggons, each with a fierce mastiff chained beneath, and containing furniture, cooking apparatus, wine, and, what he especially notices with a right Saxon feeling, "two waggons, carrying only ale, which is made of the finest of the wheat boiled in water, and placed in casks hooped with iron, as a present to the French," *naively* adding, "a kind of liquor, truly wholesome to drink, clear, in colour like wine, but in flavour better." We may remark here, that all the wines at this period were *white* wines. Next came a line of well-laden sumpter horses with more valuable goods, and an ape mounted on each; and then began the household procession. Esquires, belonging to the chancellor's knights, the shield borne on the left arm, while the right led the highly-prized war steed; then the armour-bearers, the pages, the falconers, each with a beautiful bird on his wrist—well did Thomas love the falcon, and enormous were the sums he paid for the fairest that could be bought—then the cupbearers; then the knights riding two and two; the chaplains two and two; the great officers of his household in ascending order; and lastly, on his splendid palfrey, so richly caparisoned, that "he carried a treasure in his bit alone," clad in robes of royal scarlet, the tall and handsome chancellor came along reining in his proud steed, and showing to the French, even at that early day, the unrivalled grace of the English rider. Becket's sojourn in Paris was distinguished by the same profuse magnificence; he feasted a thousand guests for three days on the richest dainties, gave magnificent presents to scholars, and having obtained the object of his mission, and the praise of most royal free-handedness, he returned well pleased to England.

Becket's subsequent mission to France displayed him in a new character. No longer only the acute statesman, or the shrewd



diplomatist, the chancellor on his next visit was at the head of seven hundred knights, equipped at his own expense, together with twelve hundred belonging to the king, and four thousand foot soldiers, and his errand was to recover by force of arms the fair country of Toulouse, which Plantagenet claimed in right of his Queen, Elinor of Aquitaine, from the Count of St. Gilles. Mounted on his war steed, in coat of mail and helmet, Thomas led on his troops right valiantly; fighting with all the impulsive bravery of his character, and unhorsing a valiant knight, Engelram de Trie, in single combat, and leading his good steed away as a trophy. The expedition was unsuccessful as to its result; but when Henry quitted France it was to his chancellor that he committed the custody of Calais, which he had lately taken, and the defence of his possessions in the south of France.

For six years Becket, high in favour, the personal friend of the king, and having even the custody of his eldest son, held the seals as chancellor, when in April, 1161, Archbishop Theobald died. At this time Henry and his chancellor were at Falaise, and the latter was about to proceed to England, when Henry told him that the chief object of his journey had not been mentioned, it was that he should be Archbishop of Canterbury! We cannot but believe that this was a surprise to Becket, nor is it likely it was a pleasant one. He had vast wealth and power, and he might fairly enough look forward to the highest office in the state—that of high justiciar, an office far better suited to the wholly secular chancellor, than the primacy. But the “lion-faced” Plantagenet had a right royal will; he determined to have an archbishop with no ecclesiastical predilections, and who could better fulfil that condition than Becket?—who had hunted and hawked with him, and even waged battle by his side;—who, a stranger to the cloister, would have little sympathy with the clergy in their struggles with the royal power. Becket is said to have remonstrated, even to have warned the king, but in vain; the mandate for his election was sent, and at the earnest entreaties of the legate, the unwilling chancellor became “a spiritual person.”

Not, however, without delay and much difficulty was this appointment effected. Although Archbishop Theobald had died in April, 1161, it was not until the May of 1162 that the first step was taken to induct Becket into the vacant see. His biographers tell us this arose from the opposition of the monks of Canterbury, and also hint at the concealed hostility of the bishops. Viewing the treatment Becket subsequently received from them, we have little doubt that this was the case; nor can we be greatly surprised at it. The twelfth century was a learned age, and the mitre was very frequently the scholar's reward. At this time some English bishops were distinguished for their high attainments; Roger Pont l'Eveque, Becket's ancient enemy, the Archbishop of York, and the aged Gilbert Foliot, Bishop of Hereford, so celebrated as a theologian, and the boast of Clugny, where he received his education, were pre-eminent among their brethren. Can we be surprised that when they,

and almost equally learned men, were passed over for one who had lived a secular life for *forty-three* years, who had presided in the law courts, had led a knightly company to battle, they should feel aggrieved? What claim had this Thomas, not to equality only, but to pre-eminence over them? This royal favourite, who had never read a course of lectures in his life, never held a public disputation, never received even the lowest academical honour! he, utterly unknown to any school, and yet he was to occupy the chair of Lanfranc, and Anselm, the "*prima sedes Angliæ*!" We must bear in mind, too, the notions of priestly superiority, and of the mysterious powers supposed to be conferred by ordination to the episcopate, and we shall find that the clerical *esprit du corps* would add a peculiar intensity to the hatred of the disappointed scholar. We greatly doubt whether Ignatius Loyola himself would have been very popular with the Spanish clergy if he had been consecrated Archbishop of Toledo.

During the long delay of his appointment, singularly enough, Becket still continued a mere deacon. Was he still reluctant to enter the priesthood? perhaps he was, for not until the Saturday in Whitsun week was he ordained a priest, and then on the next day, Trinity Sunday, he received the highest dignity the English Church could bestow from the hands of Henry of Blois, Bishop of Winchester, that prelate whose belligerent propensities were so decidedly displayed during his brother Stephen's reign, that brother whom he had disrowned that he might place the circlet on the brow of Plantagenet's mother. Towards Becket the conduct of this influential churchman was ever marked with a kindly feeling displayed by no other member of his order. The *pallium* on this occasion was sent from Rome without delay, and the newly-made archbishop went barefooted in procession to meet the bearers, kneeling in lowliest guise, and prostrated on the ground to receive it.

From this time Becket, as his biographers inform us, became a wholly changed man. Many tales are told of his daily mortifications; of his hair-shirt, his frequent fasts, or scanty meal of coarsest food—of the fennel and water that superseded the jewelled cup of choice wine. These stories, however, seem very apocryphal, for we find that long after his elevation, his rich dress, and his refined diet drew upon him more than once the admonition of his clerical friends, to one of whom he is said to have replied, "If I mistake not, brother, you eat your beans with more greediness than I do this pheasant." Indeed, Herbert de Bertram, describing very minutely the order of the archbishop's hall, represents him dining at the upper table, with his learned clerks round him, and the knights and laymen behind; but that the food was of the best, and that both gold and silver plate were in abundance. We think it greatly to the credit of Becket that this was so; and it disproves, too, the assertion that has sometimes been made, that he practised ostentatious austerities for the purpose of obtaining popularity; now, in respect to his popularity, that was already secured.

But, although not manifesting outward and vulgar signs of change, that Thomas might really have experienced a great change, seems to us far from unlikely. It was an age of violent impulse; men rushed in thousands to the Holy Land at the preaching of a single sermon; fierce, lawless evil-doers knelt before the convent-gate, and, confessing their sins, prayed admittance to a life of mortification; high-born women fled from the court to the cloister, emptied their jewel casket before the shrine of their tutelar saint, and even sheared off their long and beautiful hair to make a cord to suspend the lamp before the high altar. Now, in an age like this, might not Thomas, the king's chancellor, elevated so suddenly to the highest ecclesiastical dignity, believe that he was designed to some special work? Might he not feel, too, that, in being thus thrust into the priesthood, he had a special call to assert its claims? Many incidental remarks of his biographers seem to show that this was his feeling. He gave up the chancellorship, for although mostly held by ecclesiastics, it was a purely secular office; he spent much time in reading and conference with learned clerks, while, in celebrating the mass, such was the emotion of the newly-made priest, to whom it had not yet become a mere professional routine, that "he wept and sighed, as if the very sacrifice of the cross were before his eyes." How vividly does this bring before us the enthusiastic layman, to whom all was so new and so solemn.

Becket's resigning the chancellorship seems to have given the first offence to the king; and, according to most accounts, when he met him at Christmas at Southampton, there was a coolness. Henry, however, still left his eldest son in the archbishop's custody. On Christmas-day—the see of London being vacant—the born and bred Londoner, who had been so strangely elevated to the primacy, stood at the gorgeous high altar of St. Paul's; the jewelled chest that enshrined the relics of St. Erthenwald before him; the bones of "good Bishop William, the friend of Saxon men," beneath his feet; the vast nave and choir of the fine Norman cathedral, crowded with men of Saxon race—for we can give proof that the mass of the citizens were then so—and there, in gem-blazing cope and mitre, and wearing the sacred *pallium*, gave his blessing to the kneeling multitude. It must have been a strange, though a proud thought to that mere clerk of Osbern Huitdeniers, the usurer, that humble accountant to the sheriffs, what he *had been* and what he *was* now.

Meanwhile, Becket's vigorous measures for reclaiming the manors belonging to his see, which had been alienated during the late wars, arrayed many enemies against him; nor was the translation of Gilbert Foliot soon after to London likely to produce much good feeling. At Whitsuntide the Council of Tours was held, where seventeen cardinals and a hundred and twenty-four bishops, together with a multitude of inferior dignitaries attended, and thither repaired Thomas, Archbishop of Canterbury. In his ecclesiastical character, as in his former secular visit, he was received throughout his journey with little short of royal honours. He was welcomed in procession



at Tours, all the cardinals, save two, going forth to meet him; and the Pope himself (Alexander III.) came forth from his private apartment to greet him in the hall. In the council he was placed at the Pope's right hand, and his lodging was besieged by church dignitaries, all anxious to do him honour. Strange, indeed, does this seem as contrasted with the conduct of the English bishops. Might not Alexander, shrewd, but cowardly, have discovered in Becket the very qualities that fitted him to wage the warfare of the church against kings—a warfare the holy father was right willing to wage, so that it should be without danger to himself. At this council, too, Arnulf of Lisieux asserted the unity and independence of the church in an eloquent discourse, and the effect of this upon a hearer, whose only study, as we have seen, had been the canon law, must have been great.

On his return, indications of approaching hostilities between the king and his former favourite were apparent. They came into collision on questions of right of presentation to livings, and about this time Thomas is said to have preached a sermon—he is said to have been an elegant preacher—in which he asserted the superiority of the church, in a way that aroused his royal hearer's anger. Soon after, he stood forth, as even Canon Robertson admits, "as a sort of Hampden." The king proposed to add to his revenues certain moneys which heretofore had been paid to the sheriffs throughout England—two shillings on every hide of land. This, Becket resisted. He said the money was not paid as a due, but voluntarily; it might be refused if the sheriffs and their officers should fail to perform their duty in the defence and police of the country, and therefore it could not be reckoned as part of the royal revenue. "By God's eyes!" cried the furious king, "it shall be paid as revenue, and registered in the king's books." "By those same eyes," replied undaunted Thomas, "so long as I live, no such payment shall be made from my lands, and not a penny of the church's rights." It is not surprising that from henceforth, "the waters of bitterness began to flow." Henry expected to find in Becket a supple tool, he found he had a spirit as haughty as his own to deal with. Some historians have indulged in a mawkish sentimentalism over the "ingratitude" of Becket toward his kind patron. Now, surely, to elevate a man of eminent talents to a high station, cannot be looked upon in the light of an almsdeed; and Becket, qualified to advance himself in any court of Europe, had no very pressing duty of thankfulness toward the monarch who chose, and who employed his servant, simply because he was best suited to his purpose.

It was, however, on the great question of clerical immunities that the open strife began. It would occupy far more than our whole space to attempt to bring this before the reader; but that Becket sought to elevate ecclesiastical power far above its first level, every Protestant must acknowledge. Still, our allowing Becket to be wrong, can by no means prove that Plantagenet was right—nay, even had he been right, the utter contempt of justice,

and good faith in his proceedings, both at Clarendon and Northampton, go far to render the champion of the church an object of sympathy. After a preliminary meeting at Westminster, in Oct. 1163, at which much ill-will was manifested, and which was concluded by the king declaring with his usual oath, that the prelate should "agree outright and expressly to my constitutions;" and an angry meeting subsequently at Northampton with Becket, whom he reproached with injustice, the Parliament was summoned to meet at the palace of Clarendon, in Jan., 1164. In the interval, the prelates hostile to Becket, eagerly watching the progress of the feud between him and the king, banded together to annoy him; not, it would seem, without the knowledge of Plantagenet, to whom it had been suggested by Arnulf of Lisieux—who so lately had advocated widely different views—that the most effectual means of thwarting the primate, would be, to form a party for that purpose. Chief among that party, of course, were Roger Pont l'Eveque and Gilbert Foliot; with them were joined Hilary of Chichester, Robert of Lincoln, and Robert Melun, lately advanced to the see of Hereford—all learned men, and all doubtless indignant that the king's chancellor should at one bound have been raised so far above them. The methods these reverend men employed in the furtherance of their pious object were very amusing. Not only did they incite the monks of Canterbury to a squabble with the archbishop, but Roger Pont l'Eveque revived the old question of the equality and consequent independence of York with respect to Canterbury, while Gilbert Foliot asserted the independence of *his* see, inasmuch as London had in heathen times been the seat of an archflamen of Jupiter! Canon Robertson remarks that assiduous attempts were made, both by prelates and nobles, "to win over the archbishop to compliance with the royal wishes." We think all this opposition to a high-spirited man must have proved anything but winning.

The Council of Clarendon met in January, and is said to have lasted three days. At this Council, the sixteen articles, termed the "Constitutions," were produced in writing, and an unqualified assent to them demanded. It has pleased Church of England writers to represent these articles as valuable for their assertion of religious liberty! For ourselves, we can only discover in them the transference of spiritual power from the priest to the king. As to the people, little benefit would they derive from them; while as to the priesthood, our only wonder is that the bishops, one and all, did not join in denouncing so obnoxious a document. What can the reader think of this? "No prelate, or ecclesiastic, to leave the realm without the sovereign's license." Or this, "None of the king's tenants in chief, or members of his household, to be excommunicated, *without his leave!*" That the revenues of vacant sees and abbeys were to be at the royal disposal, might be expected, for the Plantagenets always coveted their neighbour's goods; but what will the reader say to the last sentence, which seems to have been intended as a bribe to the nobles: "The sons of villains are not to be ordained,

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without consent of the lords, on whose lands they were born." Thus, the most blameless exercise of church power, which, by consecrating the bondsman to her service, gave him the rank of a freeman, was forbidden; and that class which had just before witnessed the rise of the villain's son, from the Abbey School of St. Albans to the papal chair as Adrian VI., were to be sternly driven back to helpless bondage.

As the articles were read, Becket commented on them one by one. The best portion of them, that which subjected the clergy to the secular courts, was, of course, unpalatable to the admirer of Gratian, and with his accustomed vehemence, he exclaimed that Christ was again to be judged before Pilate. But although Plantagenet had summoned the prelates to deliberate, he evidently viewed the assembly just as the French kings viewed their parliaments, so he went into a right royal passion. But what will the reader think of this? "*As the bishops were sitting in anxious deliberation, armed knights burst into the conclave, brandishing swords and axes, and threatening death to all who should persist in opposing the royal will.*" The Bishops of Salisbury and Norwich, who were at this time especially obnoxious to Henry, in terror implored the Primate to relent. The Earls of Cornwall and Leicester earnestly added their entreaties, saying they apprehended some unheard-of violence. "It is nothing new, or unheard of," answered he, "if it should be our lot to die for the rights of the Church; for this a multitude of saints have taught us, both by word and by example only may God's will be done!" Richard de Hastings, Provincial of the Templars, and another eminent member of the same order, fell at his feet, embraced his knees, assuring him that the king was only desirous to avoid the appearance of defeat, promised on their salvation that, if he would but submit, he should hear no more of the customs. At length the archbishop was moved, he withdrew, and returning, said to his brethren, "It is the Lord's will I should foreswear myself; for the present I submit, and incur the guilt of perjury, repent hereafter as I may." It is but right to remark here, that while the account of the irruption of armed nobles into the council, is given by all contemporary writers, Becket's words rest only on the testimony of one of Gilbert Foliot's letters. Now really we wish the advocates of "church and king" doctrines all joy of their boasted council of Clarendon. An assembly of unarmed, and mostly aged men, set upon by ferocious nobles, brandishing swords and axes! We should like to know, too, in what court of law an oath taken at the sword-point would be judged binding. Strangely enough, while Canon Robertson kindly bestows a page or two in apologizing for "conduct which Becket's friends have not the boldness to defend," the far more indefensible conduct of Plantagenet and his nobles, is passed over—just as though a royal head of the Church could indeed do no wrong, either in things temporal or spiritual. We would recommend the church of "Holy Russia" to the reverend gentleman's admiration.



But whatever apologies Becket's friends might proffer, he felt that he had compromised the cause which he had vowed to maintain; and he broke forth into bitter lamentations on his return, weeping profusely, according to Herbert of Bertram, that he, a courtier, and worldly man, should be thrust by royal power into so responsible a station, declaring that the Council of Clarendon should be called, "*cleri damnum*." Now in all this we think we can see the layman, earnest, sincere, unyielding, because he firmly believed—though we think mistakenly—that he was right, and thus the great sorrow he expressed for his temporary weakness, was that of a man unaccustomed to those logical subtleties which tend to obliterate the distinctions of right and wrong. Gilbert Foliot and his brethren could doubtless bring arguments enough to prove that an inconvenient oath might be very conveniently done away with; but Becket, unaccustomed to scholastic hair-splitting, felt that he had acted meanly, and his brave spirit recoiled at the remembrance. His application to the pope, too, seems to us to prove the vague kind of reverence he felt for the spiritual power. Plenty of bishops grown grey at the altar had suffered actual excommunication, and had taken it very easily; but Becket judges himself severely for his fault, and passes his time in penitence until the welcome dispensation is sent. Poor Becket! with his fierce impulsiveness and his child-like reverence, did not crafty Alexander III. discover in him a man just adapted to his purpose?

Meanwhile, the "lion-faced" Plantagenet was chafing with rage; and, indeed, his wrath was furious enough; for we find even his eulogist, Peter of Blois, describing him as prancing and racing in the court-yard, when irritated, like some wild beast, and then flinging himself down in his chamber, and actually gnawing the rushes! It is proper to bear this character of him in mind, since for all that the reader might learn from Canon Robertson, Plantagenet was a very well-behaved monarch. We may easily imagine that to such a temper Becket's conduct was unpardonable; and from henceforward, just as an eastern monarch begins by stripping his offending vizier of his possessions, and cannot rest until the bowstring complete his doom, so the king determined to pursue his former favourite to ruin. A solemn council was summoned to meet at Northampton in October, 1164, and hither Becket was bidden, not by the king, but by precept to the sheriff of Kent. On his arrival, he found no lodgings had been provided for him, and when on the following day he met the king, the kiss of peace was refused him. On the meeting of the council, Becket found that he was to be the victim. A charge was brought against him of denial of justice to John the Marshal, and he was fined £500 (£7,500 present money); a second demand was made for a similar sum, and although he pleaded that this had been a gift, the servile council directed he should pay it. A third demand was made of the enormous sum of 30,000 marks (£300,000 present money), on account of the revenues of vacant sees. Becket protested against being called upon to answer a charge of which he

had not heard until now, but the king, with violent oaths and threats, declared he would endure no delay beyond the morrow; the morrow was, however, consumed in deliberation, and the next day was Sunday. Meanwhile, Becket fell ill, but, in answer to an angry message from the king, declared that he would appear, even if carried in his bed.

Tuesday came, a day which Becket, without charge of cowardice, might well look forward to with dread; and on that morning he celebrated the mass of St. Stephen, but not publicly, as has been asserted, but in his private chapel. The "insolence" of the primate in celebrating a service which begins with "Princes sat and spake against me," has been often noted, and we are not at all inclined to think that Thomas heeded giving offence to the king. In ecclesiastical right he was the king's superior; and we shall find him never backward in asserting this. But we think his selection of this office was owing to the similarity of the legendary history of St. Stephen to his own; for we must bear in mind that legends of the saints were better known even to the educated classes than the scriptural narrative. Now we find that Stephen was "seneschal" in Herod's court, and high in the king's favour. On Christmas-day he brought in the first dish, and placed it before the king; but the glorious star in the east attracted his gaze, and he asked what it might portend. "A greater king than was ever seen is this day come to reign over men," was the reply. Stephen went back into the hall, renounced King Herod's service, and set forth to seek the nobler service of the new-born king. King Herod went into one of his chronic fits of passion—a suggestive parallel this—caused him to be brought back, and bitterly vituperating him, commanded he should be stoned to death. Now to Becket, who had bidden defiance to the king, on the ground of allegiance to his lord, the parallel between him and the proto-martyr must have been obvious enough; and we think it was with this view that with many tears he committed himself to Stephen's care.

Not in his gorgeous archiepiscopal attire, but in plain black robe, and with stole about his neck, Becket now mounted his horse, and preceded by his cross-bearer, set out for the castle. Crowds lined the streets of Northampton as he passed along, supplicating his prayers and his blessing; and thus he arrived at the castle-gate. The great gates opened, and were hastily shut as he entered, separating him from the sorrowing multitude, who thought he had gone in to his death. He dismounted in the court-yard, and taking his cross from the cross-bearer, entered the hall, followed only by a single clerk. —The prelates assembled there seemed, or pretended to be, alarmed at seeing him, cross in hand—perhaps they thought he was about to excommunicate the king; so the Bishop of Hereford offered to take it. He was refused; and then Hugh Nonant said to Foliot, "My Lord of London, why do you allow him to carry his cross himself?" "My good friend," was the conciliatory answer, "he always was a fool, and always will be one."

Foliot, however, thought he would make the attempt, and tried to wrest it from his superior's hands. But the stalwart Becket, who in former and more congenial days had fairly unhorsed his foeman, easily enough repelled the malignant old man, and still held it fast. "Brother," said the aged Bishop of Winchester, well pleased at the spirit of the primate—for a most belligerent churchman was Henry of Blois—"let the archbishop keep his cross; for it is right that he should carry it." "Thou hast spoken evil," said Foliot in a rage, "because thou hast spoken against the king." Becket, however, clung fast to his cross; and when told that the king had a sharp sword, replied, "The king's sword was for war, but the cross was the sign of peace," and he sat down, still holding it.

Now this "clinging to the cross" has been especially noted both by Becket's admirers and censurers—by the one party it is viewed as a proof of his devout feeling, by the other as proof of his determination to flaunt most offensively the symbol of spiritual power. We believe neither to have been the case; but that it was actually viewed by him as a holy spell. When we remember that from a very early period "the sign of the cross" was believed to possess occult powers and virtues; how it was used to chase away disease, to expel the demon; how our oldest night-spells supplicate—

"Nine roods rounde the house to keepe it alle the night,"

and how thoroughly harmonizing with the popular feeling, the old monkish rhyme declared—

"Nulla salus est in domo,  
Nisi crucis munit homo."

would it be surprising if Becket, in anticipation of some fearful danger, should have thought there was a mysterious power to protect him in the cross he bore? As bishop he would only have borne a crosier, but as archbishop the holy sign itself was placed in his hands—who could tell its protecting virtues? That Foliot believed Becket carried the cross as a charm, seems to us proved from his words. Had he imagined it was carried to insult the king, he would have characterised him as "traitor," not as "fool." But Foliot, familiar enough with the gross irreligion and frequent infidelity, not of the cloister alone, but of the episcopal bench, would naturally enough sneer at the reverence paid by the archbishop—a mere layman some two years ago—to what he considered the mere trappings of his office; just as the priests of Rome ridiculed youthful earnest Luther, because he really believed in the sacrifice of the mass.

This holy charm was not, however, wholly without its effect; for Plantagenet, although far enough from "God-fearing," had, like most of the precious profligates of this age, some vague fear of priests' power; so on hearing that Becket refused to relinquish his cross, he withdrew into an inner chamber, from whence, however, the angry roarings of the royal lion were from time to time heard. The bishops and nobles who had been summoned to his presence,



remained long in conference, and the noise of angry debate, and the frequent opening of the door, so alarmed Becket's two attendants, that Herbert suggested to the archbishop to use his cross in excommunication, should violence be attempted; but FitzStephen replied, by urging the example of saints and martyrs of old, who patiently endured injuries. Meanwhile, the angry colloquy continued; not that the prelates sought to stand between Becket and the king's fury, for "they hastened to clear themselves from any suspicion of complicity in the primate's proceedings." But when Henry sought "to force them to join in judging the primate, they pleaded the prohibition laid upon them." The king's wrath now broke forth beyond all former bounds; the cowardly bishops hastily withdrew, and so imminent did danger to the primate, who still, with brave persistence, kept his seat, cross in hand, appear, that his oldest foe-man, Roger of York, said to two of his chaplains, "Let us withdraw, for it is not fit that we should look on what is to be done to him of Canterbury." Not fit for the holy man "to look upon," but quite fit to be exulted in, and gloated over! One of the chaplains, however, bravely replied, "That he would wait, for no end could be better than for the primate to shed his blood for the right." Roger then turned to Becket, and "entreated"—what mockery!—that he would yield. "*Apaze Sathanas*," was the well-merited reply, and Thomas still sat sternly holding his cross. At length the bishops agreed that they would appeal to the pope against the primate, for perjury; so they returned to the hall to renounce their spiritual allegiance to him. Becket heard them in haughty silence, and then coolly replied, "I hear what you say, and, with God's blessing, I will be present at the trial of your appeal." The barons now decided that the primate's "contumacy" must be punished with imprisonment, and the Earl of Leicester advanced to pronounce sentence. Becket regarded him with a haughty look, but listened in silence while the earl recounted the "benefits" he had received from the king, until he said, "Hear now your sentence." Then the primate fiercely repelled the claim of the civil power to judge *him*, and poured forth a flood of high-church doctrine, which might satisfy even the Rev. Bryan King; declaring that the earl was bound to obey him, rather than any earthly sovereign, for "the priesthood is as superior to royalty as gold is to lead." Poor Becket! we may smile at these extravagant views, but we must remember that very similar ones were held even by men of undoubted piety; and we could point to some of Anselm's letters, in which the superiority of the priestly office is almost as boldly maintained. Anselm is placed by Canon Robertson in most laudatory contrast with Becket, but we think very unfairly. He fought the self-same battle, only he had a more prudent royal antagonist; and then, as the great theologian of the eleventh century, Anselm had the reverence of the whole episcopal bench. Indeed, as the great champion of orthodoxy at the council of Barr, not only the whole Latin church, but even the Greek, rung with his fame. How different was Becket, unknown to the learned

world, hated by the king, and both hated and scorned by the bishops.

But the knightly spirit which had been displayed on the battlefield did not desert Archbishop Thomas, although sword and lance had been relinquished for ever. He lifted his cross, arose, and slowly quitted the hall, followed by Herbert of Bertram. Then the dastardly crew raised a yell of defiance, and Ranulph de Brec, and Trammelin, the king's foster-brother, cried after him, "traitor." The primate turned and reminded Ranulph that some of *his* relations had been hanged, while to Trammelin he replied that, were it not for his orders, he would prove him liar at the lance point. Chafing under these insults, attacked by the scullions of the palace, who lighted wisps of straw to fling at him, Becket passed on, still holding his cross, and mounting his horse in the court-yard, followed by his faithful attendants, passed through the hostile castle-gate. The crowd outside, who had feared his murder, now welcomed him with joyful shouts, and with cross uplifted and hand stretched forth in benediction, Thomas, safe from the lion's den, passed through the streets to St. Andrew's monastery, while Plantagenet, doubtless with tenfold fury, gnawed the rushes.

After celebrating vespers, Becket repaired to the refectory, and here the greater part of his household, knights and youths of gentle birth, requested, not without grief and shame, that they might be released from his service. Forty learned clerks asked the same boon; the request, of course, was granted, and as the primate looked round the deserted refectory, "Let the crowd withoutside be called in," said he, "and let them eat the supper." The tables were soon filled, and it was remarked that his appearance was cheerful. In the course of the reading, which was usual during convent meals, the text, "When they persecute you in one city, flee ye to another," was quoted. Becket's eyes just then met Herbert's, and the same thought occurred to both. No remark, however, was made, and Becket having sent to the king a request for a safe conduct to Canterbury, he immediately retired to rest. It proves strongly the insecurity in which Becket felt himself, that his bed was prepared, not in the monastery, but behind the high altar. When the monks proceeded thither at complin, they saw him as though calmly sleeping; but, ere the midnight service, good steeds had been saddled, and Becket, accompanied by one of his own deanistry and two monks, had fled through the dark and stormy night past the north gate of Northampton toward Lincoln.

The narrative of Becket's flight, his toilsome wanderings, his landing in France,—so differently to his former right royal visits,—the perils of his journey until he arrived at St. Bertin's and his eventual reception at Pontigny, although most interesting from the glimpses they afford us of the times, must, however, be passed over; nor have we space to detail the correspondence, the negotiations, the threats, the excommunications, and absolutions of the six years which saw Becket an exile from England. Canon Robertson details

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these at length, but certainly with too great a leaning toward Plantagenet. Still, even with his views, Becket certainly appears an injured man, while Adrian III., who willingly enough incited the haughty archbishop to the contest throughout these later years, presents an admirable example of "holding with the hare and running with the hounds." The sequel of Thomas Becket's history, how he at length returned, to be murdered an unarmed man by four mail-clad ruffians in his own cathedral, is too well known to need the telling; but how any writer, whatever his religious opinions, can call this aught but a foul murder utterly passes our comprehension.

Poor Becket! haughty, violent, but evidently feeling that his motives were upright, having to sustain a fight, not only against a king, whose partiality had turned to hate, but against prelates who scorned the layman thus placed above them; with highest notions of priestly power, while he had no sympathy—from the antecedents of his life—with priestly tastes and feelings, he stood alone, actually fighting the battle of those who, so far from thanking him, rejoiced in his overthrow—no wonder that he fell. But under better circumstances, there was much that this bold, brave, persisting man might have done, and done well. As soldier of the Red Cross, what a valiant *Templar* might he have become. How heartily would he have chanted "*Quare fremuerunt gentes*," as the darkening hosts of the paynim came on. How devotedly would he have followed "*Beau-séant*" into the very thickest of the strife! As mere Archbishop of Canterbury, he failed; but what a noble grand master of the Temple might Becket have been; and in later days, might he not have become the leader of a better party in the Roman Church—a more upright Ignatius Loyola, or perhaps an energetic Reformer; while nurtured in a holier faith, and a purer worship, and with the open Bible before him, might we not almost believe that he would have fought the good fight for "Christ's crown and covenant," and testified by a worthier martyrdom in the Grass market?

As an episode in English history, the story of Becket is important in many respects. Most readers believe that the clergy of the middle ages were a formidable phalanx, bearing all before them; but in this contest we find a Government party and an opposition party; and could we have gone into the subsequent details, we should have found almost as many different minds as there were prelates. We find, too, that monarchs could be unjust and overbearing as well as the priesthood; but that from the strife of the two powers, many a precious spark of English freedom was struck out. And it is as connected with the earliest dawnings of our liberty that the contest of Henry and Becket derives its chief importance. Beneath the rule of a monarch so fierce, so powerful, and so unscrupulous as the first Plantagenet, what would have hindered him from imposing a yoke as crushing as that of the first Norman kings had he had a primate as supple and time-serving as Cranmer, or one as willing to lengthen the sceptre with the crosier as Laud? But just when he had reduced his refractory nobles to obedience, and had set about



framing new laws and new institutions, Henry became involved in that dispute with the popular archbishop, which set the whole nation chafing and thinking. And when the king, although rejoicing in Becket's fate, was compelled to do penance at Canterbury, the people, we know, did not view it so much as a homage to ecclesiastical power, as a proof that even monarchs could not do just as they pleased. A most wholesome lesson both for king and people. From henceforth, we find a public opinion vigorously springing up, manifesting itself broadly even in the reign of Cœur de Lion, but coming forth sternly in the reign of his brother, and winning the great Charter.

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 IV.

## LAST YEAR'S CARNIVAL IN ROME.

WHILE during the snows and easterly winds that have prevailed during the month English folks have been gathering round the fire-side at home, or closely and comfortably habited in woollen and furs, have sturdily faced the dreary outer world, a scene of tumultuous gaiety has been enacted in Rome. It has been the Carnival time there. We saw the last year's Carnival, and our recollections rise vividly before us, as we muse in our study over its pageants and turmoil of frolic. These recollections we pen for our readers.

Wednesday, March 9th, 1859.—This morning we see a repetition, on a large and illustrious scale, of what we have often seen nearer home—namely, “the day after the ball,” when the rooms are still strewn with the disordered decorations, and the candles are burnt down, and the flowers are dead, and above all, when the beautiful, pure daylight smiles serenely in upon everything, with a sweet, reproachful incongruity that is at once troubling and consoling. This is the day after a ball that has lasted, with the intermission of two Sundays and one Friday, for ten days. The Carnival commenced on Saturday, February 26th. On the morning of that day, the long line of the Corso, which runs in a nearly straight direction down the centre of modern Rome, began to evince signs of new and marvellous life. Soldiers everywhere, French soldiers of course preponderating; gens-d’armes, Roman dragoons with their brass helmets, looking very frightened and unwarlike when their unmanageable steeds commenced to caper about, as they were much given to do while careering down the street in troops, with pomp of banners, and noise of trumpets. Procession of the senators—gilded carriages, wondrous men in startling liveries, velvet standards, and more drums and trumpets. Procession of the municipality—just

the same, but additionally remarkable for the embroidered coat-tails of the coachmen. Bands of music, crowds of people, energetic soldiers keeping the way clear with shouts and cries in an excited mixture of French and Italian, &c. This was the beginning of the madness. After these official solemnities were over, all barriers were removed, and the waiting carriages with their eager occupants were admitted into the Corso.

Already, the tall houses wore an aspect of holiday gaiety very different from their sober and dignified wont. The balconies and windows were decorated with hangings of crimson and gold, of brocade more or less rich and elaborate, and apparently designed for that special purpose. Each balcony, and nearly every window, even to the giddy altitude of the *sixième*, was thronged with gaily-dressed people, all smiles and eagerness. Unhappy those who were too high up to take an active share in the proceedings; happy the brilliant line of *entre-sol* and drawing-room balconies, and those, lower still, contrived in the entrances and windows of shops and looking exactly like boxes at a theatre, lined with red, or striped red and white, and most of them filled with handsome Roman women in their national dresses, bearing in their hands bouquets, and trinkets, and other offerings which had been presented to them by their admirers from the street.

Very soon, the double tide of carriages (all uniformly lined with white linen, for the protection of the cloth or silk cushions from the incessant fire of chalk confetti to which they are exposed) was in full flow along the Corso—up one way and down another—and the earnest business of the day began. Every vehicle bore its contingent of individuals in divers eccentric costumes, to add to the general masquerade. White dominoes, trimmed with blue, red, or pink, were most general in the carriages, but some people wore more ambitious costumes; and the Albanian and Sabine women in their picturesque national dresses especially made a charming variety.

The pedestrians formed a third class of Carnivalites, by no means the least active and amusing. Gentlemen masked, and attired from head to foot in brown holland, with huge pockets in their blouses, attacking all they met (more particularly those wearing well-looking black hats,) with flour, and sending well-directed salutes of bon-bons to their friends in carriages and balconies. Regular masquers attired as harlequins, or tom-fools—one or two fashionably dressed as ladies, in handsome silks and liberal allowance of crinoline, and really walking and talking in a manner that was hardly a caricature of the demeanour of what some people call “an elegant female.” Processions of masks, Pierrots, Polichinelles, &c., parading in a long line, with fife and tabor, dancing beautifully, and every now and then stopping to make droll speeches. Processions on donkeys also—one being an illustration of English manners and customs, which, like most foreign attempts of the kind, was totally unrecognizable—but certainly very funny. First came a herald, gorgeous in red and gold, blowing a trumpet; then two gentlemen in black, wearing spectacles, and a lady

in a riding habit, all mounted on donkeys. Then came a queer endeavour to represent a stage-coach, drawn by four donkeys, directed by two postillions ;—absurdly dressed people inside the coach and on the top—staring about them with restless, wide-eyed curiosity. Then followed the Italian idea of a foxhunter, dressed in a coat with long, flapping skirts, top-boots, and a very shabby hat, and mounted on a dejected donkey, which he rode with a wonderful show of more than all the energy proper to his reckless character. Then more trumpets blowing dismal notes, and so the troop passed on—cleaving its way through the dense crowd of masquerading humanity that now overflowed the street.

And now the showers of chalk *confetti* are liberally exchanged. The balconies pour forth volleys of these small shot upon the carriages below, whose occupants are of course at a great disadvantage in returning the fire. One or two instances of balconies on the second, or even third storey of the tall houses, from which the cowardly attack comes, drive the victims in the street below to desperation. Frantic efforts are made to reach them—but vainly, and then fists are clenched, and good-humoured vows of vengeance are shouted up at them. Larger shot of flowers and bon-bons occasionally darken the air ; and every now and then some eager cavalier aims a beautiful bouquet, delicately enclosed in laced-paper, at some fair lady in balcony or carriage. It is a pity when it misses, and falls into the street, for then some of the many hundred urchins whose grand business it appears to be to profit by such accidents, snatches it up in one instant, and is away—lost in the crowd, and offering it for sale, in another.

Other aggressive devices are in vogue also :—There is a certain illustrious little prince, whose beaming face is an object of much interest to us English, at one balcony, who, having heroically endured for one day the privation of taking no active part in the proceedings, has made up for lost time ever since, and you may be very sure is far from being the least delighted individual of the many thousands who are to-day enjoying the Carnival. He has invented a contrivance by means of which a small quantity of flour is deposited on the head of every passenger in the street below. The blackest hats receive the most flour, it is to be observed. And between whiles, he is not idle with *confetti*, bouquets, and so forth, as indeed he has no chance to be, for, not unnaturally, this is a favoured point of attack, and courteous salutes of flowers, sugar-plums, and specimens of all the prettiest “shot” of the Carnival, are sent in that direction.

The variety of these ornamental missiles which are exchanged between friends, or offered as tributes of regard, is very great. A child would be speechless with delight over them. A Christmas tree would exult in them. These pretty offerings consist of bon-bons in dainty little boxes, or baskets, or cases ; cunningly-contrived little slippers, little ermine muffs, little reticules, and portmanteaus, are in high favour ; also birds-nests, bird-cages, dressed figures, all imaginable devices for looking quaint and pretty, and containing sugar-plums.



You should see the excitement with which the intended recipient stretches her arms from a balcony, as it is about to be thrown from a carriage—the exultation with which it is caught—the felicitations on that happy event which are exchanged in dumb show between giver and receiver!

Thus prosily catalogued, you have some of the elements of the general frolic. But how to give any idea of the life and mirth, and good humour, and brightness and picturesqueness of the whole scene? To you, far away from the scene and the time, and their exhilarating and infecting influences, it will doubtless seem childish and absurd enough—but you must take it upon faith that there *is* something of irresistible fascination in it all, not to be conceived of, much less appreciated, except by those who have seen and experienced it. True, to sober lookers-on it might seem as if all the world had gone mad for the time being: but then the madness is universal, every one is bitten by the mania, and there *are* no sober lookers-on!

It does not seem strange at the time, but there may be something curious in remembering, afterwards, how unanimous and overwhelming is this same Carnival spirit. It will, perhaps, be curious to recal how pensive Italian, grave English, shrewd American, stolid Russian, and mobile French faces are all alike and at once relaxed to the same expression of eager fun and thorough enjoyment. On every hand are to be seen astonishing examples of the effect of this powerful influence, and never so frequently as among our own compatriots. Ordinarily demure-looking English fathers of families, staid men, who, in their every-day existences, and in their own country, are to be recognised as responsible dignitaries, sober lawyers, thoughtful men of letters; individuals supposed to be so completely engrossed by professional or business pursuits as to be altogether without the pale of susceptibility to frolic and fun,—are here in the very midst of it, pelting away with their *confetti*, or making desperate efforts to return a fire of bouquets to a retreating carriage, with an eager energy that must surely remind them of nothing later in life than their first school-days.

And if Saxon phlegm is to be decoyed into such antics, we may well accept, without much marvelling, the story told of a Carnival many years before, at the most excited and crowded epoch of which a carriage containing two gentlemen, habited and masked, broke down, and the unfortunate occupants had to be lifted out and receive refuge and assistance, and lo! beneath the dominoes and masks were found, first, an illustrious Cardinal; and secondly, a puissant Monsignore!

Doubtless “Il Carnevale” has a very engrossing hold upon the hearts of the Romans, albeit, they are a far graver and less mercurial race than the Italians generally. Indeed, it is reported, and currently believed, that if the authorities had, as was at one time threatened, prohibited “masks” this year, and in other ways hindered the full flow of the many days’ revel, a revolution might have been expected!

However, revolutions are not easy of accomplishment in a city stifled with spies and swarming with French soldiers, and among a people

whose government has latterly more than ever been directed towards the crushing of free thought, the hindrance of knowledge, and the discouragement of social intercourse. And the Romans, with the French bayonets at their throats, and the priestly gag upon their lips, have had, within the last ten years, to endure so much that is outrageous to manhood, as may well have taught them patience to bear small privations. Still, it is a fact that this year of all years, which has dawned with such strange promise of light as we are almost afraid to trust,—this year, solemn with awful uncertainty, trembling with infinite possibilities for what we fondly call “our Italy,”—*this* year is singled out and chosen to afford the Roman people a Carnival with more brilliance, and more license than has been known within the memory of this generation.

In fact, it is quite possible, even probable, that the government may have thought it politic to grant this outlet for the rampant energy and spirit of its people, which might otherwise have been directed in a manner more inconvenient to itself. And it is not difficult thus to understand a certain connection between the approaching war (rumours of which hang about us like an atmosphere) and this actually existent Carnival. A strange, mocking juxtaposition of ideas this—which, nevertheless, one can but indulge in every now and then, as some little incident occurs, apparently trivial, yet significant in the present anomalous state of affairs. Not the least curious of these, are the indications of that growing *rapprochement* between the French soldiers and the Roman people, which is a new and most startling sign of the times. One would have supposed that the feeling could be no other than bitter hatred and fury—none the less fierce, because impotent—of the subdued citizens for these, their subjugators, who ever since entering the eternal city in 1849, have played the invidious part of police therein. But, whatever may have been felt at one time, things are evidently changed now. The dark faces light up with a certain complacency as the troops file by; they beat time to the music of the band, they sing the tunes they play, and if you hear voices speaking of “*I Francesi*,” it is in kindly and cheerful tones. Moreover, the license of the Carnival permits such little demonstrations of friendliness as are involved in small offerings to the soldiery who, ranged in lines, guard the Piazza del Popolo, and direct the right progression of the carriages. More than one elaborately-attired cavalier did we see walking along the aforesaid line of guards, and with a profound bow, and laying his hand upon his heart with a gesticulation no less Italian than the courteous and musical syllables which flowed from his lips at the same time, presenting to each in turn one of those minute bunches of violets, or other flowers which form the lighter and pleasanter ammunition for the mimic warfare of the day. The swarthy-faced warriors received these little tributes with an air partly grim, partly amused, and slightly astonished besides. It was easy to see they were not accustomed to such pleasing attentions at Roman hands.

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at first sight, puerile and unworthy indications of deep, national feeling, have patience for a while. It is difficult for us, with our staid, controlled northern natures, to understand these—our brethren none the less, though in some respects the humanity is unlike—with their impulses, at once warmer and less educated; their feelings, whether of joy or sorrow, love or hate, so much less complex and less restrained than ours. “They are like children,” more than one self-satisfied Saxon has half-disdainfully said of them; forgetting, perhaps, that the child is in some things as much above a man as in others he is below him. The Italian has the spontaneity of emotion and of expression—the *abandon* of enjoyment of simple things—the easily amused, easily pleased, easily pained temperament of a child. And are not these those very traits of childhood which wise men look back upon, and sigh with infinite regretfulness to know they never can regain?

In '49—that terrible “quaranta-nove,” which few of the Romans can mention without an ominous straightening of the lips, and a falling of the voice half sad and half fierce—after the siege was over, and the French had possession of the city, a number of those belonging to the National party exiled themselves to Frascati, Rocca di Papa, and Albano—gathering there, their families around them, and bearing the utter destruction of all their hopes—the failure of all their efforts—as best they might. One of those who fought in that struggle, a boy then—a man now, was heard to relate how, on the soft summer evenings of that dreadful time the different families would gather together in the lovely woods of Albano, glorious with foliage and light and colour, and beguile the hours with singing. “If it had not been for the music and the beauty of the place, our hearts must have broken,” he said, simply. Let who will scorn the consolation that despairing men thus found in the “mere harmony of sweet sounds,” and the divineness and peacefulness of nature. Where the house is not open to the light, it will enter through chinks and crevices. And in a land where religion seems to be only the symbol of authority for the people's miseries, their oppression, and their decadence in the scale of nations,—who shall say by what means our Father, who never leaves Himself without a witness, will draw the souls of His children towards Him?

This seems wandering from the subject in hand; the glittering Carnival that is now triumphantly regnant in the long Corso, and one or two of the streets branching therefrom. For it is such a crowded Carnival this year, that the course of procession for the carriages has to be increased, and dragoons are stationed at the corner of the Via Condotti to send the vehicles up there, and along the Via Babuino on their return from the Piazza di Venezia. The houses of those favoured streets are not slow to take advantage of this turn of events. The lower balconies are crowded, and an energetic exchange of confetti and bouquets takes place between them and the carriages.

If you are not afraid of being foolish, of being drawn into this whirl of absurdity to the peril of dignity, and the destruction of sobriety of



demeanour, will you come with us, as we make "a course" in our white-lined carriage up and down the scene of festivity?

It is one of the last days of the Carnival, up to which the general spirit and brilliancy of affairs have gradually increased. To-day, many new carriages, and more romantic "cars" have appeared, with new devices, and new costumes. Here comes one, containing a party all attired to represent different flowers. The general effect of daffodil, rose, daisy, and poppy, is managed most ingeniously. In another, each occupant bears a large heartsease as a badge, and pelts with nothing but bouquets composed of those flowers. Again, here is the most picturesque of all, a long, open car, containing a group of Bedouin Arabs, standing or reclining majestically under the shelter of a tall palm tree.

We drive along, now quickly, now slowly, pelting and being pelted from carriages, balconies, and pedestrians, recognizing our friends every now and then, and thereupon giving and receiving charges of bon-bons and pretty bouquets. Does not the line of the Corso look well?—the tall white houses, deep in shade, except their tops, which are shining in "radiance most absolute;" occasional spears of light from that same radiance breaking in at openings in the street, and falling upon the decorated balconies with their picturesque occupants, on the motley crowd below, or glancing on the helmets and swords of the dragoons, as at regular intervals they patrol the course? This open space at the end, where all the carriages career round and turn—the Piazza del Popolo—is now a perfect sea of sunshine, into which we plunge as into a bath. Here there is glittering of bayonets and shining of swords and helmets; and white dominoes and coloured trimmings, bright flowers, beaming faces, and everything most gay and brilliant looks its gayest and brightest. In truth, our eyes are almost blinded by excess of radiance. There is the fountain under the Pincian Hill sparkling in the sunlight, and the terrace-road winding up to the gardens gleams whitely bare, and the grave Michael Angelo gate with groups about it, of soldiers and country people, and the obelisk in the centre of the Piazza, rising straightly into the air, and the dark green of the trees in the Pincian Garden high up above the terraced-road, and the blue sky beyond and above all; and everything quivering in this intense light, and blending into one lustrous picture from which it is quite a strange sensation to turn into the deep shadow of the Corso, with its glancing lights, and glowing colours, and life, and movement, and sound. There are waves of music ever and anon rushing up and breaking in on the perpetual noise of voices, laughter, queer Carnival cries, and the loud importunities of the innumerable flower-merchants who, fearless in the pursuit of business, dart about everywhere, under the horses' feet, between the carriage wheels, with their urgent "*Ecco fiori—ecco fiori! M'sieur, volez—Signori, 'vuol' fiori? Tre paoli—due e mezz—due—uno!*" &c., &c.

Now recommences the exchange of bouquets between inmates of carriages and balconies, and occasional sharp engagements with confetti;

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besides, every now and then, the double line of carriages will be stationary for awhile, in consequence of some stoppage farther down, and then encounters, varying in friendliness according to the disposition of the several parties, will take place with great spirit between the two carriages which happen to be abreast. Sometimes, a perfect hail of confetti is mischievously exchanged. Oftener, the war begins with flowers, then sugar-plums, then bunches of violets, then decorated bon-bons; and the battle ends with a final salute of a charming bouquet of camellias, elaborately arranged in embossed paper, which same bouquets are almost invariably stolen from us immediately afterwards by those *adroiti* little banditti, who, as we have seen before, keep a preternaturally sharp look-out for such things, and will leap on to the carriage-step, snatch the coveted flowers, or a handful of bon-bons from under our eyes, and in a moment, spring back again into the crowd, with the most consummate audacity.

Again, when the carriages are stopped for a time, interesting scenes take place between their occupants and the pedestrians. A mask approaches, and in the most reverential manner offers a flower, or a bouquet, which is immediately accepted and returned in kind. Profound bows expressive of gratitude, follow, and the silent masquer passes on. Sometimes the scene is not all in dumb show, and a little dialogue takes place. A Polichinelle claims our sympathy on the score of his broken nose, for example, and relates how handsome it was before misfortune came to it. Then our nation is inquired, and a little speech in English follows, as an appropriate compliment. Occasionally, we are addressed in verse, and with elaborate action and gesture, which it is unfortunate we cannot understand or respond to. Hopes are expressed that we like the Carnival—have we anything like it in England? and so on. The Romans are delighted and flattered beyond measure when they see the *forestieri* entering into the spirit of the diversion and enjoying it as much, or nearly as much, as themselves.

And in this way the Carnival goes on, in a succession of moving pictures, and varied sonatas; all life, brilliance, and colour, confusion without turbulence, and frolic without offensiveness, of which it may be said at least, that if it be not very sensible, it is, so far as one can see, very harmless—and in this respect may well afford comparison with many fashions of festivity conventionally current in our own land. At least here, in the Carnival, we have the free air and light of day to purify our merry-making. We do not stretch our hours of diversion into the late night and early morning. Every day's proceedings are concluded at a certain hour. At half-past five o'clock the Corso is cleared of carriages, and immediately becomes to all appearance, quite as crowded as ever, by swarms of pedestrians who choke up the roadway, with no perceptible diminution of the crush upon the *trottoir*. It is curious then to see the sudden rush with which the crowd divides, as the troop of dragoons comes down the street at a hand gallop, cleaving the stream of people as if it were

indeed a tide of waters flowing there. This is to clear the way for the horse-race—a pitiful sight, which takes place every day at this hour. It is difficult to understand what pleasure can be derived from seeing these six or seven riderless steeds, about which, to enhance their fright, are hung various clanking pieces of metal, and which are set free at the Piazza del Popolo, and urged with shouts and cries along the Corso to the Piazza di Venezia, where, half maddened with alarm, they arrive, and where the *Ripresa de Barberi* gives its name to the spot.

But the crisis, and the prettiest and most picturesque incident of all is the “Moccoletti,” which winds up the Carnival on the last evening. After the horse-race has taken place, a gun is fired, and although it is not yet dark, the lights immediately begin to appear. The ordinary gas-lamps on each side the Corso have been exchanged for pyramidal jets of gas, which form a kind of avenue of light up the long, straight street. And presently, as the darkness increases, the real illumination begins, twinkling into life from the upper end at the Piazza del Popolo, until at last it seems to melt along its way and comes nearer, and grows larger with a *crescendo* of lustre, very beautiful to see. The shining of this vast, moving radiance is something quite apart from ordinary illuminations, in its peculiar effect. It is, in fact, a living illumination. All the carriages (now admitted again into the Corso) are not only profusely lit with lamps, but each person in them holds a taper, large or small, which it is their earnest endeavour to keep alight, in spite of the equally earnest and mischievous efforts of every one not of their special party, to knock, or switch, or blow them out. Then, at each balcony and window, to the very tops of the tall houses, appear thronging people, each holding a light. So, as the double line of carriages passes up and down the Corso, the waving, twinkling, glancing lines of light look beautiful with the strange, enchanted beauty of a dream or of a fairy tale—forming a vista of light, at the end of which a perpetually moving mass of radiance is ever shifting, changing, sparkling, dividing, and blending again—while the fronts of the palace-houses, far off, are flecked with starry lights, and nearer we are able to distinguish the faces and the figures of the people holding them. Meanwhile, there is a continual sound, between a loud murmur and a low roar, something like that of the sea at a distance, caused by the people who, holding aloft their brightly burning tapers, cry triumphantly: “*Ecco Moccòlo—o—o—o!*” or (as they succeed in extinguishing that of some unfortunate wight) call in derisive exultation, “*Senza Moccòlo—o—o—o!*” the full, round O’s making a diapason of sound that is quite musically grand.

All around we see eager, uplift faces, now bright with the flickering glare, now lost in shadow; tall figures standing majestic in the street or at the windows with coloured drapery falling about them; busy groups here and there directing all their most ingenious efforts to the great end of extinguishing the obstinately twinkling light at some near balcony or passing carriage. Bouquets are flung at it, hand-

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kerchiefs are switched about it, an extinguisher of unromantic, British-looking tin, is mounted at the end of a long pole and advanced towards it. In vain:—the accomplished guardian of the tiny light still holds it high, brilliantly shining, while the voice calls out its monotonous, musical battle-cry: "*Ecco Moccolo! Ecco Moccolo!*" Pictures like these, many and various, greet our eyes before the lights begin to disappear, the carriages become few and far between, and the war-cry of this friendly fight is exchanged for the more melodious burden of "*Buona sera—buona sera,*" which, sung by some, is declaimed by others, as they bow in farewell to each other, and to the Carnival.

Later at night, and long after the sport of the Moccoletti was over, strangely-habited figures, and groups of people in dominoes, haunted the Corso, as if loth to leave the scene of their enjoyment. Some of the faces looked sadly blank now that the excitement of the time was over. And to-day Lent has commenced with a leaden sky and an atmosphere that is even dismal—for Rome. On the road-way of the Corso still remain the traces of the mimic war, the confetti lying thickly there, like dirty snow. And the Roman people have returned to their old propriety, their old gravity, and we meet in the streets the same impassive, dulled faces—with eyes like smouldering fire, whose heat is well restrained and chastened—as we were accustomed to see in the days before the temporary licence somewhat unbound the latent expression in them.

They say this has been the best Carnival in Rome for many years. We marvel what will be the next? How will the gay time pass in the Rome of 1860?

## V.

## PAGES FROM MY DIARY.

BY FREDERIKA BREMER.

SUNDAY, THE 17TH.—"Ajiá Sophia! Ajiá Sophia!" I must, nevertheless, see thee, thou magnificent symbol of a lofty thought, daughter of the united Divine and human wisdom. The desire to see thee was one among other causes which brought me here; but, arrived here, I must give up the hope, because, in order to see thee, a firman is required from the Sultan, and a party large enough to give a "backschich" or fee of several hundred francs; and of either of these I see no chance. Of travellers there are now very few in Constantinople, and amongst this few none who are known

to me. I took, therefore, leave of St. Sophia, and in the morning set out on a solitary ramble to the heights of Pera, thinking that I should not be able to see more nearly any of the great mosques, Achmedan, Sulimanlie, Bajazet, and others, which, with their minarets, crown the lofty ridge on which stands old proud Byzantium.

When I returned to the hotel, I found there an important little man waiting for me, who inquired in French whether I would join a party who were that day, at eleven o'clock, about to visit Saint Sophia, and the other remarkable places on the Seraglio Point? He was the bearer of the Imperial permission for that purpose. How this happened and was brought about I know not, neither how the little foreigner knew my wishes, which I was not aware of having mentioned to any one. But let it be as it would. I love to see in such circumstances, "those apples and pears which," as Luther says, "the great Father sometimes throws to the children, to make them observant of him!" And how many such has He not thrown to me during this, my journey?

At twelve o'clock I stood in the church of Saint Sophia, charmed, enchanted, as I never was before by any temple or work of human art. I understand very little about architecture and styles of building, and still less do I understand the language of this art. I shall, therefore, not speak of Ajiá Sophia as a work of art, but only say a few words about the impression or the image which this temple, amid all earth's temples, has left in my soul, for all time.

Every great church which I have hitherto seen, and St. Peter's in Rome, before all others, have too much of the worldly and the human—have too many chapels, monuments, ornaments, statues, pictures, side aisles, and side thoughts. St. Peter's, in all its grandeur and pomp, is essentially an apotheosis of the Popedom. Pictures of saints, popes, and bishops, and pictures of them who serve the papal chair, are seen on all hands, flying angels, bearing papal tiaras to heaven, human figures, and human affairs obtrude themselves everywhere. In the church of Saint Sophia one single vast thought arches itself all around, which nothing breaks into or interrupts, and which immediately strikes sense and sight with clearness and power. Grandeur and unity, majesty and harmony—behold in this the idea around which the church vaults itself. Everything within contributes to this aim—the beautiful pillars from the Temple of Ephesus, and the Temple of the Sun at Balbeck, supporting its circular vault—the open-arched galleries, higher up in its four corners—the vast majestic vault—the choirs on the east and west—the galleries on the north and south—all contribute largeness and freedom to the space where not a single pillar is out of place, or super-numerary, and above which spans the wonderfully light and lovely cupola, through whose garland of windows light pours in, illuminating the whole space harmoniously and beautifully! How marvelously from beneath the gloomy light—where the dark-red and green columns of the heathen temple stand in sombre shadow, yet so beautiful at the same time—all rises, all elevates itself, solemn in

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colour and form, but at the same time, the loftier, the freer, the more rejoicing, up to the vast vault, from the highest sweep of which God's light streams in ! I would I could make you see it as I saw it, and feel it as I felt it ! A low, melodious sound filled the temple. It was the voices of those who prayed, who lay upon their knees here and there on the mat-covered floor, and whose prayers melted together into a soft harmonious murmur. The Mahomedan horror of pictures and gaudy show in their temples certainly conduces more to the sublimity of Saint Sophia than the coloured lamps and lanterns, painted pictures, and endless childish show of Greek worship, which is also singularly spoiled by the nasal singing of the mass. Of human monuments Saint Sophia has now only eight large black shields, bearing in gold letters the names of Mahomed, Ali, Abubekir, and so on, the prophet's faithful followers ; but these hang close to the walls, and the effect is good.

The Turks have done all they could to obliterate from Saint Sophia every trace of the Christian church, but have succeeded only imperfectly. One can see on the immense iron gates evident traces of the cross which has been removed ; and on the arched ceiling of the chancel may be plainly discovered through the mass of lime-wash and gilding which have been laid on, traces of the picture of Saint Sophia—"full of majesty and gentleness," as it is described by a person who saw it whilst it was yet in the hands of the Christians. The altar, of course, has had to give place to the golden gate, or niche, which is turned towards the Holy Temple, or Kaaba of Mecca. But as this lies in a south-eastern direction from Constantinople, and the church of Saint Sophia, like all Christian churches, has its chancel to the east, therefore in this case the Mahomedan Kyblén is placed in an oblique position, as are also all the long straw mats with which the floor is covered, and, as a consequence thereof, all who kneel in prayer are the same, for their faces also during prayer must be directed towards Mecca.

What the church of Saint Sophia was, when it stood in all its pomp, may be conceived from the remains of golden mosaics, which shine out, here and there, on the arched roofs of the galleries. The Turks have smeared over these paintings with dark yellow colouring, set with black rosettes. When the church stood in all its pomp, its last noble builder, the Emperor Justinian, exclaimed, "Solomon, I have surpassed even thee."

Every mosque in Constantinople is built on the model of Saint Sophia. We also visited this morning Achmedan, or the mosque of Sultan Achmed. Although imposing from its extent and solidity, yet after seeing the church of Saint Sophia, it merely strikes the beholder as a clumsy, tasteless imitation. Achmedan is built upon the site of the ancient Greek Hippodrome, and has a remarkable relic in the tripod of the Delphic oracle, which, brought hither from the foot of Parnassus, now stands in front of the Mosque in a hollow surrounded with iron railing. It is a column consisting of three copper serpents twisted together ; their heads are wanting—



were cut off, it is said, by Sultan Mahomet the Second. The serpents are hollow, and through them probably ascended the vapour which intoxicated the Pythia when she delivered the oracle.

Sultan Mahmoud's seraglio stands below Saint Sophia, nearer to the waters of the Sea of Marmora. Below Saint Sophia lies the Seraglio Point, which, independently of the seraglio, comprises in its extensive limits many palaces, parks, gardens, kiosks, and large courts with elegant fountains. The Ottoman gate, the "Great Gate," which, however, is not by any means remarkable either for greatness or beauty, stands upon this height, and through this gate you pass to the bureaus of the Grand Vizier, and the other ministers, to the consul's office, and many other public offices and rooms. The Sultan has a private door from his kiosk, and can go whenever he will unseen to the council chamber, and be present at the assembly of his councillors.

The palace of the janizaries is a large building, situated at no great distance from the Seraglio Point, in the halls of which the stranger finds, to his surprise and pleasure, figures of its former, but now for ever vanished population, of the natural size, and in full costume. These figures, which are remarkably well made, by European artists, look, for the most part, so eccentrically ugly and savage, and have besides so much individual character, and are so natural and real, that one is almost afraid of looking at them, and is quite glad to think that they are—of wax.

The costumes are also eccentric, and frequently in the highest degree comic, the turbans towering as if up to the very sky. It was this terrific body which held the Great Gate so long against viziers and admirals, as well as against cooks and confectioners. The great lords became supreme rulers, murdered Sultan Selim and Sultan Mehemet, by the side of his brother Mahmoud, whom they then placed on the throne. Him they defied by their daily-increasing arrogance, until, become cruel himself through cruel treatment, and thirsting for revenge from long-suppressed indignation, he ordered, on a certain day in the year 1821, the cannon from the ships of war and the city to be directed upon the palace and its courts, when ten thousand janizaries were shot down. I have been informed that the waters of the Bosphorus ran red with their blood.\* The few who survived this massacre fled, and concealed themselves for ever.

Mahmoud now reigned with absolute sway; but that did not save him, some years afterwards, from a death more horrible than that of his victims—death by delirium tremens. The trees now whisper, and the waters of the fountains splash peacefully, amid the scene of the former massacre.

I shall to-day see the so-called dancing or whirling dervishes, who every Sunday throw open their tekies, or church, in Pera, to the curious stranger; and afterwards, we—my incomparable knight,

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\* It is reckoned that sixty thousand is the number of the janizaries who perished on this and the following days.

Mr. W., and myself—shall pay a visit to the “Sweet Waters of Europe,” a promenade on the European shore at the end of the Golden Horn.

Constantinople is a gala spectacle—at least for the traveller, who spends merely a few days there, not the least of which in beauty are the sunsets at this season of the year, when the windows of Scutari shine as if they were of fire and gold, reminding him of the old name, Chrysopolis, the Golden City, when the hills of the Bosphorus are tinged with purple, and the more distant heights of Asia, as far as the snowy mountains of Olympus, near the old Turkish capital, Broussa, stand forth in a flood of light. More than one evening have I contemplated this magnificent spectacle from the roof of the hotel, and seen the panorama of Constantinople in the golden glory of the evening sunlight.

18th July.—When the planets wheel their shining circles around their life-giving sun, then they beam in its light; when the spheres, inspired by an invisible central power, the fountain of all life-power, beauty, and gladness, again stream forth the life which they have received, then sing they in harmonious choirs, and, themselves intoxicated, they intoxicate all living with the fulness of life which they derived from the life-source of eternal existence. Something like this I imagined would be the interpretation of the ecstatic dances of the Oriental dervishes—a tradition as I have somewhere read from the world's most ancient worship in the Samothracian mysteries, and which are still continued in the great cities of the East, Cairo, Jerusalem—but there secretly in the great mosques—Damascus, Smyrna, and Constantinople. I was curious in the highest degree to see the dance of the dervishes. At two o'clock, therefore, on Sunday afternoon I found myself in their tekke at Pera. After waiting about an hour I was admitted with some other foreigners and a few Mussulmans, into a large light rotunda. Spacious galleries encircled an inner rotunda, within the low enclosure of which a number of human figures, in cloaks and yellowish-white felt hats, very much like upturned flower-pots in form, sat immovable. They were dervishes. Several priests stood in the place, bowing and mumbling before the sacred gate to Kaaban. After some little time three men entered—two very old, and the third young, with a handsome, intellectual countenance.

They placed themselves at the lower end of the rotunda, with their faces towards the spectators, and the divine worship then began. First, a long monotonous, heavy prayer, repeated by a tall man dressed in black, with a black beard, a long bent neck, and nose to correspond. After this, at a given sign, all the dervishes arose who were sitting within the enclosure, and began to march in a circle with measured, noiseless steps. All wore long cloaks, and turned slowly from left to right with downcast eyes. They then paused, and dropped down upon hands and knees, with their faces to the ground. After this, they all sprang up at once; the cloaks were cast aside, and in long white petticoats and short white jackets

with long sleeves, began to turn themselves round like tops, first one, then two, three, four, one after another, till the whole number, about thirty, were in motion, or wheeling round with outstretched arms, turning round themselves, but, at the same time, flying round the rotunda in circles, and invariably from left to right. The greater number are elderly men, most of whom have unpleasant countenances, with a dull, heavy expression, and who look as if they were performing a heavy day's work. Sweat-drops pearl the foreheads of many; the eyes are downcast, but the movement is nevertheless remarkably light and, as it were, natural. One only of the whirling dancers, a tall youth of about twenty years of age, has a handsome exterior; and his upturned countenance, with half-closed eyes, has a really ecstatic expression. One may very easily believe that he is drunken with the contemplation of Allah, and turns round without any longer knowledge or perception of earthly things. This may be, indeed, the significance of the dance; but such could not be supposed from the dancing of the rest; a clumsy figure, which would imitate the expression of the handsome youth, looked idiotic. During the whirling dances, the dark priest walks about with slow steps and downcast head, but, as it seems to me, not without taking secret care to avoid a box on the ear from the passing whirling hands. This catastrophe has happened sometimes.

After about a quarter of an hour, the dance ceases abruptly, the dancers standing immoveably in their places. Prayers succeed; spoken in part by the black-attired priest, and partly by the youngest of three men who hold the place of presidents, and stand at the lower end of the rotunda. To this the dancing again succeeds. And this alternation of dancing and prayer takes place five or six times.

Each division of the dance commences with singing, accompanied by a little drum, like that of a child, and a flute; but in concluding the flute alone warbles without melody, but in tolerable harmony with the soft-whirling dance, and this is the best and most agreeable part of it. Sometimes dancers quit the dance, and re-assume their cloaks, and others take their places. Some hold out from beginning to end, as the youth with the ecstatic smile; and his cheeks became ever redder, whilst the others grew paler and paler. Finally, again, prayers succeeded, heavy prayers, as if crushed out of the heart, as if the subjecting, oppressive hand of a tyrant were weighing upon the heart of the suppliant. And with a loud cry, increasing, continuous, which then died away again, the service came to a close. This over, a general kissing succeeds; first, of the three presidents' hands and cheeks, and then of all the dervishes, one after another; but frequently the kissing is a mere sham, hand and cheek just touching. The ceremony lacked earnest feeling and truth, as indeed the whole scene appeared to me to do. I was glad on account of the poor laborious dancers when it was all over (it had extended to two hours), and so evidently were most of the dervishes, who now leapt lightly over the enclosure, hurrying away to their dinners, as I supposed.



This costume and dance would produce a very good effect in a ballet; but as divine service, the impression it produced was sorrowful and depressing. The poor people had evidently never received the joyful tidings that God is a loving Father, a good and loving Father; and that a Saviour has been born who is Christ the Lord!

20th.—Rain and storm, which began yesterday, prevented us from undertaking anything to-day. The tempest—very unusual at this time of the year—is so violent that there is no venturing even out of doors, and the sky looks as it might have done at the time of the deluge. Not very agreeable is this for those who have but a few days to remain here, as is now my case. However, I have already seen Constantinople, Saint Sophia, the Sultan, and the Bosphorus. Thanks to my polite cavalier, Mr. W., who was careful to obtain the sight of every spectacle for my gratification, whilst he himself was perfectly indifferent to them, and did not turn his head to see either the Sultan or the Turkish beauties.

“What does amuse and interest you, then?” I asked, a little impatient at his stoicism.

“Fishing and hunting,” he replied. And for these he is now on his way to the Crimea.

Whilst the storm rages without, and rain and mist obscure the outer beauty of Constantinople, I will say a few words about its inner aspect. This is less beautiful, nay, sometimes very ugly and disgusting. Outwardly the stranger is struck with its glorious situation; by its mosques on the heights; by several of its palaces; by the richness of the verdure which, in the three great divisions of the city, shines out so agreeably amongst the masses of houses, and gives to them such a beautiful variety; by the number of vessels and boats of all sizes which swarm along the shores. In the streets of the city there are no longer either palaces or parks, with the exception, however, of the Seraglio Point, which is as beautiful as it is a peculiar portion of the city; for the rest, you find yourself in a labyrinth of winding, narrow, and dirty streets, of irregularly-built and ill-kept houses. Often you have to pass through masses of street sweepings; sometimes dead cats and dogs lie in your way. Disorder and filth seem to be at home in most parts of the city. It is only near the mosques that you find open spaces, planted with trees, and only near the palaces that you meet with order and ornamentation. Yet I say what is not quite correct. In every part of the city, even in the worst and poorest parts, you find *one* place and *one* building which is never devoid of beauty and care, and that is the well or fountain. The Mahomedan holds these in peculiar regard. He encloses them with a wall of white marble, from which the water flows into marble basins; he covers the wall with beautiful arabesques and flowers in bas-relief, as well as with texts from the Koran, always in Arabic, which remind the passer by to be thankful for the gift of water. Small metal basins are secured to the wall by chains, so that all who require it can drink freely. Frequently an ornamental foun-

tain-house of stone or marble, arches in the water; and this is usually the legacy of some deceased Mussulman, who wished to leave this benefit and this memorial behind him, and for the maintenance and repair of which he generally also leaves a fund. This is the case at Sultan Mahmoud's grave, where there is a splendid fountain-house, and where a man always stands, ready to fill some of the hundreds of small dishes for any who desire a draught of fresh water. Provision is also made, with equal solicitude, to supply the thirst of the animals; and upon the prostrate gravestones in the large grave-yard, or, more properly speaking, wood, at Scutari (for you wander through an immense forest of cypresses and graves, for the most part an actual wilderness), you find small hollows hewn in the stone, in order that the rain water may collect there for the little birds to bathe in and to drink—a beautiful and touching piety, of which I cannot prevent myself carrying away a grateful memory. Hagar's sons remember the fountain which the angel showed to their ancestor in the desert, when her son was ready to perish of thirst, and she “lifted up her voice and wept!” But the boy drank out of the desert well, and grew and became a great people. Conscious or unconscious, it seems to me that the sons of the desert desire to perpetuate his memory by continuing the blessing. Would that every people acted in the same spirit! How great is the blessing of springs of fresh water can only be properly understood in the hot and thirsty land of the East.

After the fountain, the coffee-house is the Mussulman's place of refreshment. At the former, you find principally women and children, who fill their jugs and gossip; at the latter, only men. They sit outside by dozens and scores, smoking their Narghilis or Tschibuck as if they had nothing else in the world to do, and drink their coffee to the dregs out of coffee-cups the size of half-eggshells; and between the pipe and coffee keep up a busy talk or listen to tellers of tales and adventures. That is the Turk's greatest enjoyment and felicity, his *Kief*—which is the same, but at the same time something more than the Italian's *dolce-far-niente*. In every market-place you find a fountain, and at least three coffee-houses; and you meet with the coffee-house even where there is no fountain, but everywhere wherever a company of Turks is to be found.

If the Turk cannot get his coffee and his pipe thus, take good care, for he is in that case *Muckmurluck* (a Persian expression which I learned from my erudite friend, Mr. Von Heidenstam, and which seems to me worthy of adoption to express a condition of discomfort and ill-humour), and his coffee-cup then introduces him into his *Kief*, and he becomes the most peaceable and best man in the world. He is the very opposite of *Muckmurluck*; he is *Marabuh*—that is to say, blessed.

The Bazaar of Constantinople is Constantinople in small: you find here beautiful squares and splendid shops; but at the same time filthy streets and lanes, with mouldiness and rubbish and rags.

The broader walks are thronged with Turks and Greeks and Persians, easily recognisable by their tall sheepskin caps, and all kinds of people from the East and from the West, moving about, together with crowds of Turkish ladies, in their white veils and yellow slippers, which they slide along the ground in order not to lose from their feet. The bazaar is a little town of shops and covered walks; and these covered, cool walks, where one need fear neither heat, rain, nor wind, are a good institution for the trader, which seems to me deserving of imitation.

The dogs of Constantinople deserve a separate chapter, and are a regular town-plague, as is the case in all the large cities of the East. The Mussulman will not kill a dog—why, I know not. He feeds the dogs in the city, but otherwise takes no care of them, and they increase and live in a state of incessant warfare amongst themselves. One-eyed, blind, maimed, they are met with at every step, lying in the streets and lanes, where they do not trouble themselves to get out of anybody's way. They appear in the highest degree discontented and unhappy—nay, often most miserable. I cannot admire the humanity of the Turks in this respect, and should not be sorry to see my friend, Mr. W., Police-master, in Constantinople for a week.

On Saturday, I leave Constantinople and Turkey for Greece and Athens.

Incessant storm, rain, and bad weather, and as cold as with us in October.

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## VI.

### MACAULAY.

THE first feeling which the death of our great historian excites in the minds of his fellow-countrymen is a sense of immeasurable loss. He had read enormously, and his memory retained all its impressions with marvellous vivacity. He had not been content merely to travel on the highway of letters—he had investigated all the byeways of learning—he had loitered in its shady lanes and nooks, he had traced the path of its ditches as well as of its brooks; there was nothing, however minute and apparently unworthy which his curiosity had spurned, which his judgment and imagination could not turn to account, and which his memory refused to carry. It is natural, therefore, at first sight, to think of the loss we have sustained as illimitable, and especially when we remember two things—that he commenced his history with the



expression of a hope to be able to follow its course down to a period within the recollection of persons still living, and that he died before he had even reached that period—the age of Queen Anne—for which he had chiefly prepared. We cannot help thinking, however, that such an estimate of Macaulay's loss is quite unjust—that such despair is after all no great compliment to the historian. There is a large sense in which it seems to us that he had finished his work, and truly, if his work had not been finished he has done enough to command our gratitude and admiration for ever. He might have gone on adding volume to volume, but it may be questioned whether these additional volumes would be of equal value with its predecessors. Had he survived to publish eight volumes of his history, these eight would not be twice as valuable as the four which we have now; still less would these eight be four times as valuable as the two which he published first. No history is valuable merely as a record of facts; the chief value of it lies in the interpretation of facts, and Macaulay's history had this further value, that it exhibited a new mode of stating them. But Macaulay's interpretation of English history is really complete in the first two volumes, and his style is perfectly developed in the same compass. For style, the remaining volumes would be merely a repetition of what we already have in perfection; and for interpretation we should have elucidated, in new scenes and new characters, the same Whig view of the English constitution, the same broad survey of state policy, the same ardent patriotism, the same noble tolerance. Facts are manifold, but principles are few and simple. Lord Macaulay might have gone on multiplying his facts to all eternity; but the principles which it is given to one man in a lifetime to seize and illustrate are limited, and we cannot help feeling that in what we possess of this great author's work, we have the cream of his mind, and the fulness of his power.

Mr. Isaac Taylor has very justly divided thinkers into three classes—the profound, the comprehensive, and the acute. Among the Germans will be found the best examples of thinkers, who are profound without being either comprehensive or acute. The French afford the best instances of thinkers who are acute, but neither comprehensive nor profound. The comprehensive thinkers are chiefly English, and among these we must place Lord Macaulay. His more ardent admirers speak of him as a deep thinker, but in these days any man is said to be deep who is original. Macaulay has given us a correct idea of his depth in his criticism of Lord Bacon's philosophy, where he has missed the mark so completely that we begin to question even that acuteness which was in him as remarkable as his breadth of view. He

never advanced any opinions which he did not render plausible by felicity of illustration and a display of learning; but in point of fact, nothing can be more shallow than the attempt to disprove the value of the Baconian logic by showing that unconsciously every man obeys its laws. He, for example, takes the case of a man who had eaten minced pies at Christmas, and became ill after it. The man proceeds to argue, "I ate minced pies on Monday and Wednesday, and I was kept awake by indigestion all night." Here is one step in the argumentative process. "I did not eat any on Tuesday and Friday, and I was quite well"—there is another. "I ate very sparingly of them on Sunday, and was very slightly indisposed in the evening"—here is a fact which makes the case still clearer. "On Christmas-day I almost dined on them, and was so ill that I was in great danger"—the evidence is growing to a point, and when the patient rejects the idea that it was from the brandy which he took at the same time that he suffered, he feels justified in arriving at the grand conclusion, which Bacon terms the *vindemiatio*, that minced pies do not agree with him. It is evident, therefore, that without any assistance from Lord Bacon, we are all acting on the inductive principles which have been associated with his name. The argument is of the same kind as that which impugns the value of the Aristotelian logic, because people made their deductions long before Aristotle was born, and continue to do so without ever having heard of his name. The objection is very much as if one should deny merit to Harvey because the blood circulated before he discovered that it did, or to Sir Charles Bell, because we moved and felt before he explained the nervous system. The merit of recognising a process of reasoning which for ages had been overlooked by the philosophers, of analyzing that process in all its details, and of announcing that in the application of it, we were likely to make greater advances in knowledge than in the study of the deductive process, was surely not small; and Lord Macaulay himself, in the example of the minced pies, represents his unconscious reasons as leaping to a conclusion which might have been erroneous, before he had gone through an adequate induction. "It could not have been the brandy that caused my suffering," says the supposed logician, "for I have been taking brandy all my life without any bad effects." There was yet a contingency for which the rules of the Baconian logic provided, but which had not been foreseen by the unlearned eater of minced pies—the possibility of illness having been produced neither by the brandy nor by the pies, but by the combination of the two; and it is by an analysis of the reasoning process which observed and would provide against, such an oversight, that Bacon conferred a great benefit on mankind. If

other examples were necessary to show that Macaulay was not a profound thinker, we might refer to his Essays on Milton and on Samuel Johnson. Some may be inclined to put the former out of account as being the earliest essay contributed by him to the *Edinburgh Review*. But they show the character of his thought distinctly, and it must be remembered that in republishing his Essays, he announced that the article on Milton contained, as far as expression goes, not a single paragraph which his mature judgment could approve of, while he claimed no indulgence whatever for the principles which he had propounded. These principles, at least in the part of the essay which is devoted to the criticism of the poetry, are as shallow and false as they can well be—as for example, when he declares that poetry is a sort of madness which it requires a certain unsoundness of mind to be able to appreciate, or when again he follows the exploded theory of Aristotle, in classing poetry and even music among the imitative arts. So in the article on Johnson, he advances the amazing paradox that Boswell wrote the greatest biography in the language, indeed, in any language, by reason of the littleness of his nature. He was a toady, therefore a great biographer. Mr. Carlyle very justly observed in relation to such a theory—"Bad is by its nature negative, and can do nothing. Whatsoever enables us to do anything is by its very nature good. Boswell wrote a good book, because he had a heart and an eye to discern wisdom, and an utterance to render it forth; because of his free insight, his lively talent; above all, of his love and childlike open-mindedness. His sneaking sycophancies, his greediness and forwardness, whatever was bestial and earthy in him, are so many blemishes in his book, which still disturb us in its clearness—wholly hindrances, not helps. Towards Johnson, however, his feeling was not sycophancy, which is the lowest, but reverence, which is the highest of human feelings. Neither James Boswell's good book, nor any other good thing, in any time or in any place, was, is, or can be performed by any man in virtue of his badness, but always and solely in spite thereof." We at once see the superior depth and truthfulness of Carlyle's view, while at the same time it must be remarked that he does not satisfactorily account for what Macaulay dwells upon as the most noticeable thing in Boswell—that he was not a man to be respected, but rather the contrary. Macaulay boldly accepts that fact; he also willingly accepts the other fact that Boswell's book is an uncommonly good book—and he puts the two together in the statement that the book is very good, because the author is very bad. Carlyle, on the other hand, accepts but one of the facts, namely, that the book is good, and argues from it with invincible faith against the other fact that the man is to be



despised. In this he is wrong as well as right. As Macaulay says, we despise Boswell; and as Carlyle says, it is not for what he did. It is for what he did not; it is for his exclusiveness. He worshipped Johnson, and we do not object to that worship. We object to the fact that he was incapable of worshipping more than Johnson, that he would not have written more than one biography, that he was limited to one man, that he wanted the balance which a larger heart, and sympathy with a larger circle of friends would have afforded.

We have ventured to speak thus freely of Macaulay's shortcomings, in the belief that indiscriminate eulogy is not of much value, and that our historian can certainly afford to have his measure accurately taken. If he was not a profound thinker, he was no nibbler and no straggler. He always took a very broad survey of his subject; and his apprehension was intensely vivid, so vivid, indeed, that statements which in other hands would appear to be mere commonplaces, derive from the graces of his diction and the felicity of his illustrations a sort of fascination which gives them an air of perfect novelty and originality. Take the Essay on Machiavelli, for example, and see what the author has made of the very ordinary truism, that circumstances of education must determine the extent of a man's guilt. They that know the right and do the wrong shall be beaten with double stripes, is one most authoritative way of stating this old-world truth. How Macaulay has brought this to bear upon Machiavelli, and shown that he is to be judged not by the standard of absolute morality, but by the code of the society in which he moved, is one of the most marvellous pieces of writing which even he has given to the world. Every statement that he makes is palpable as day, and yet startles the reader as a perfect novelty. In the first chapter of his history another example of the same wondrous faculty will be found. We refer to the passage in which he puts in a good word for the Church, with all its corruptions in the dark ages. The power then possessed by the Church would in our time be intolerable; and Macaulay makes the very obvious remark that although the extraordinary power of the priesthood in an age of good government would be a curse, it might well be a positive blessing in an age of bad government—that the recognition even in this degraded form of a spiritual and moral force in the world was a boon to mankind in an epoch when brute force was all in all, and the people were divided into but two classes—the beasts of burden and the beasts of prey. He makes the thing appear as clear as possible; and we wonder at ourselves for not having previously attached equal importance to the principle—which it will be observed is at root identical with

the view worked out in relation to Machiavelli—that differences of time and place must make a corresponding difference in our estimate of acts, characters, and systems. This very simple law is the key to half Macaulay's system of thought; and as David slew Goliath with two small pebbles from the brook, our historian slays his giant prejudices with very ordinary weapons. His thought in this respect reminds one of the well-known definition of wit—

“ Wit is but reason to advantage drest—  
What oft was thought, but ne'er so well exprest.”

He gave the cream of the common wisdom expressed in language, and enforced with illustrations which astonished every one, which arrested every one, which added an interest to the most neglected truths, which imparted importance to the most common sayings, and which, as the philosopher shows us a miracle and a mystery in the most ordinary occurrence, made a marvel and a novelty of opinions that had passed into proverbs and beliefs that were as old as the hills. Perhaps the Essay which displays the greatest subtlety of thought is the one devoted to the consideration of Gladstone's theory of Church and State. It is written with incomparable ability. Nothing can be more happy than the illustrations, nothing more convincing than his demolition of Mr. Gladstone. But observe wherein precisely it is that his power consists. It is the power of attack. He has a theory to expose, and a counter theory to defend; and the whole art of his exposition lies in the invention of analogies showing the absurdity of the former and the convenience of the latter. His success was so great, that we believe he eventually converted Mr. Gladstone himself. Give him a position to defend, and no man could equal him in the art of marshalling the arguments for or against. In this respect what could surpass the art with which, in the Memoir of Warren Hastings, he identifies Sir Philip Francis with Junius? His power is that of statement. Give him a case, and he will state it with a force and clearness which are unrivalled. His power is thus essentially that of the historian. He records; and, in the mere act of recording, he convinces his reader.

It was less by the power of thought than by the unconscious force of a manly nature, of generous impulses, and of a religious education, that Lord Macaulay took his line. People speak of him as cold and critical. It has even been said that he wanted heart. Such accusations appear to us to be a complete caricature of the man. Those are much nearer the truth who complain of him as being a hot-headed party-man, though we cannot endorse even this accusation. That a bias will be found in Lord Macau-

lay's writings, we frankly admit ; but it is a bias such as no man with a heart beating in his bosom is entirely free from. Macaulay had a heart, and, in consequence, he was a good hater and a fervent admirer. There is fervour in all his writings. What can be more ardent than that glowing account of the Puritans in the *Essay on Milton* ? The man whose heart does not burn within him as he reads Macaulay must be cold indeed. If any one doubts his passion, read the "Lays of the Roundheads" in that periodical to which his earliest effusions were contributed. Who, for example, can read this account of Naseby Fight unmoved ?

- " And, hark ! like the roar of the billows on the shore,  
The cry of battle rises along their charging line :  
For God—for the cause—for the Church—for the laws—  
For Charles, King of England, and Rupert of the Rhine.
- " The furious German comes, with his clarion and his drums,  
His battles of Alsatia and pages of Whitehall ;  
They are bursting on our flanks—grasp your pikes—close your  
ranks,  
For Rupert never comes but to conquer or to fall.
- " They are here—they rush on—we are broken—we are gone—  
Our left is borne before them like stubble on the blast.  
O Lord, put forth thy might ! O Lord, defend the right !  
Stand back to back, in God's name, and fight it to the last !
- " Stout Skippon hath a wound—the centre hath given ground—  
Hark ! hark ! what means that trampling of horsemen in our  
rear ?  
Whose banner do I see, boys ? 'Tis he, thank God ! 'tis he,  
boys !  
Cheer up another minute, brave Oliver is here.
- " Their heads all stooping low, their points all in a row,  
Like a whirlwind on the seas, like a deluge on the dykes,  
Our cuirassiers have burst on the ranks of the accurst,  
And at a shock have scattered the forest of the pikes.
- " Fast, fast the gallants ride, in some safe nook to hide  
Their coward heads predestined to rot on Temple-bar ;  
And he turns, he flies, shame to those cruel eyes  
That bore to look on torturè, but dared not look on war.
- " Ho ! comrades, scour the plain, but ere ye strip the slain,  
First give another stab to make your quest secure ;  
Then shake from sleeves and pockets the broad pieces and  
loquets,  
The tokens of the wanton, the plunder of the poor.



“Fools, your doublets shone with gold, and your hearts were gay  
and bold,

When ye kissed your lily hands to your lemans to-day;  
But to-morrow shall the fox, from her chambers in the rocks,  
Send forth her tawny cubs to howl above the prey.

“Where be their tongues that late mocked at heaven and hell and  
fate;

And the fingers that once were so busy with their blades?  
Their perfumed satin clothes, their catches, and their oaths,  
Their stage-plays and their sonnets, their diamonds and their  
spades?

“Down! down! for ever down! with the mitre and the crown!

With the Belial of the Church, and the Mammon of the Pope!  
There is woe in Oxford Halls! There is wail in Durham stalls,  
The Jesuit smites his bosom, the bishop rends his cope.

“And she of the Seven Hills shall mourn her children’s ills,

And tremble when she thinks of the edge of England’s sword;  
And the kings of earth in fear shall tremble when they hear  
What the hand of God hath wrought for the Houses and the  
Word.”

In the Lays of the League, and of Ancient Rome, we have more of the same strong passion, and we do not think that we are moved by overweening partiality for our own opinions and for the antecedents that we admire most, when we say that for a man of Macaulay’s tastes, education, and mental habits, to speak as he did of the Puritans, there was absolutely necessary a strong, impassioned nature, alive to the highest influences, awake to the finest music of humanity. The Ironsides and Psalm-singers had their rough, forbidding exterior. To a man of Macaulay’s accomplishments and exquisite sense of the ludicrous, the contempt of learning and natural graces which the Puritans professed, their little peculiarities and angularities were sufficiently distasteful. And, in point of fact, he has ridiculed these unsparingly. He has jested about the whites of their eyes, about their nasal twang, about their queer names; and in one passage, which we pardon for the sense of humour displayed in it, our readers may remember that he describes the pleasure which the populace took in bear-baiting, then dwells for a moment on the opposition to such cruel sport which the Puritans gave, and finishes off with the rattling statement that, in point of fact, the Puritans, in their opposition to the fun, managed to secure the double pleasure of at once baiting the bear, and baiting the populace. It seems to us that when a man who could be so amused and repulsed by whatever was deficient or extravagant in the demeanour of the Puritans, never-

theless took their side with all his heart, and advocated their cause with a wisdom and eloquence which convinced the sober, and silenced the flippant, he must have had a sympathetic nature, he must have had a warm heart. Those who judge him differently, must have been deceived by the severity of the chastisement which he bestowed on vice and pretension. They cannot have observed that it is quite possible for the most genial natures to be good haters. Why should they not hate? Is it possible for them to love well without hating well? What can be more withering than the scorn with which Macaulay describes the merry monarch, who was crowned in his youth with the Covenant in his hand, and died at last with the Host sticking in his throat! Can anything be more crushing than his denunciation of that Court which, in the intensity of its selfishness, had reduced the ten commandments to two, bidding us to hate our neighbour, and to love our neighbour's wife? But who will accuse Macaulay seriously because he hated wrong, and scorned falsehood? He was not a man who loved to show the finer feelings of his heart; and yet one fact may be related of his private life which clearly indicates the man. Able to leave to his heirs personal property to the extent of £80,000, he evidently enjoyed a considerable income. Those who knew him best declare that he gave away annually in kindnesses and charities more than a fourth, and nearly a third of his income. The general public knew nothing of his benefactions; he was not the man to wear his heart upon his sleeve, and to expose what he regarded as sacred. He was a proud, but not a vain man, and sometimes did himself an injustice from his determination to let his character stand on its own merits, and to leave his acts undefended from the assaults of the enemy. One instance of this we have in the Windsor Castle business. He dated a letter written to some of his Edinburgh constituents, from Windsor Castle, on the occasion of the Whigs being first called upon to form a Government to replace that of Sir Robert Peel. Their attempt to form a Government was abortive, and great was the ridicule poured upon what seemed to be Macaulay's vanity in dating his letter from a region in which his party had not yet a secure foothold. This little display of apparent weakness did more to undermine his authority in Edinburgh than all his invective against the bray of Exeter Hall, and all his tenderness for the Roman Catholics. Mr. Thackeray defends Macaulay on the ground that Windsor Castle was not too great a palace for so great a man, and that he was entitled to date his letters from the proudest castle on the face of the earth. He is no doubt right, but there was another defence of Macaulay's conduct which was the simple truth, but which he himself was undoubtedly

too proud to put forth in his own behalf. It is this—that writing in Windsor Castle, he would naturally use the paper which he found there; that this paper is stamped at the top of the page in the same way as almost all note paper is now stamped with some device, or with the writer's address; that the stamp consists of the Royal arms and of the words, "Windsor Castle," and that therefore the historian's letter necessarily, and without any contrivance of his, bore the obnoxious address, and laid him open to the taunts of petty assailants. He was not going to reply to their jibes. He never spoke of himself if he could help it. He is never personal. And this dislike of obtruding himself into his writings gave readers the idea that he was cold and statuesque. It was simply his art. It was the old masterly art of forgetting oneself in one's subject. It is a pity that he has not chosen to republish some of his earlier speeches, delivered before he entered Parliament, and then it would be seen how passionately he could feel, and with what oratorical rage he could speak. In expressing this regret, we are thinking especially of one red-hot speech on the West India planters, in which, with an ardour which might be even said to have lost itself in the fury of intemperance, he declared that their tender mercies were more cruel than the cruelties of Claverhouse, that their little fingers were thicker than the loins of Alva, that Robespierre chastised with whips, but that they chastised with scorpions. The man who could speak in this way was evidently following the promptings of a generous nature; and what his heart prompted, reason justified and controlled.

In a letter which everybody must have read, Lord Brougham advised Macaulay to acquire at any cost the power of speaking readily. It is an advice which should perhaps have been propounded with the caution used by Mrs. Glasse in directing her readers how to dress a hare;—first, catch it. How are you to speak easily and rapidly, if you have nothing to say. Macaulay, however, had no lack of ideas, and to him the advice was appropriate. If ever he found himself in want of an idea, his memory could supply him with a fact; and he poured forth with a vehemence which drew from Sydney Smith the wish that amid so much brilliant eloquence we had a few brilliant flashes of silence. He delighted in filling his page with facts, and he brought forward fact after fact which nobody knew, or which everybody had forgotten, with the constant formula that it was absurd to repeat such things to the reader, for any boy of the fourth form at Eton would deserve a flogging if he were ignorant of them. It was with the same delight in the affluence of his knowledge, that he was in the habit of stating a fact not explicitly, but allusively



—of putting it in a form which would imply a good deal, and would not all at once be obvious to every reader. We open his *Essays* at random, for example, and find a statement to the effect, that recently two men had died who, at a time of life at which many people have hardly completed their education, had raised themselves each in his own department to the height of glory. Who are these two? “One of them died at Longwood; the other at Missolonghi.” If every Englishman could easily identify the latter with Byron, how many would be able, on the instant, to identify the former with Napoleon? In the *Essay on Clive*, Macaulay says, in his usual style:—“Every schoolboy knows who imprisoned Montezuma, and who strangled Atahualpa.” This schoolboy is rather a mythical personage, but a critic might be permitted to say, that he is introduced for the sole purpose of covering and excusing the mention of a few sounding names, Macaulay having the Miltonic taste for words, and loving nothing so much as a sentence in which a number of mysterious syllables tickle the ear without conveying much sense to the mind. So he goes on to say:—“But we doubt whether one in ten, even among English gentlemen of highly cultivated minds, can tell who won the battle of Buxar, who perpetrated the massacre of Patna, whether Sujah Dowlah ruled in Oude or in Travancore, or whether Holkar was a Hindoo or a Mussulman.” The influence of such a sentence upon the unconscious reader is far beyond its merits; it rings in one’s ears long after we have exhausted and dismissed from our minds the meaning which it conveys. Its effect is precisely that of the word “Mesopotamia,” uttered by Whitfield. “Dinna ye mind that gran’ word Mesopotamia?” said the poor old woman, who remembered nothing else of the sermon; and it may be recollected that on one occasion O’Connell discomfited an old woman notorious for her resources in the art of vituperation, by calling her in return for her scurrilous epithets, a parallelogram, a hypotenuse, a trapezium, a tangent, a parabola, an ellipse. Macaulay’s amazing mnemonic powers helped him greatly in this respect. He could quote to any extent. Hannah More, in letters published the other day, describes him, when a mere boy, reciting the whole of Heber’s poem on Palestine at a moment’s notice, while sitting over his breakfast. Numerous anecdotes might be told of similar readiness. We give but one, which relates to a gathering, at which Lady Morgan and Lord Carlisle were present, about the time when the houses fell in the Tottenham Court Road, making a great sensation in London. This accident became the subject of conversation in the party to which we refer, and immediately afterwards Lady Morgan, who was too free in her opinions, began to give ample expression to her

sceptical tendencies. Macaulay at once turned round to Lord Carlisle, and whispered in his ear the couplet which is to be found in Dr. Johnson's "Description of London :"—

Here falling houses thunder on your head,  
And here a female atheist talks you dead.

How many readers in a thousand are acquainted with that satire? How many that have looked into it remember a single line of it? In Macaulay's way of stating the case, it is a satire which every schoolboy ought to know by heart. In Macaulay, the extraordinary memory was asserted by an extraordinary imagination. The two faculties are sometimes separated; and it is supposed that where the one is strong the other must be weak. He who can bring them into harmony—he who can remember through the imagination—will have always immense resources. In point of fact, most persons do remember through the imagination. They remember, for example, a particular sentence by calling up in the mind's eye an idea of what the page in which it occurs is like. The poet tells us that impressions made upon us through the eye are the most forcible of any; and the way of epitomizing the greatest number of facts, so as to exhibit them in the smallest compass, is by collecting them into a picture. What can be more picturesque than Macaulay's descriptions? Take this as descriptive of the scorn exhibited by the appearance of Sextus Tarquinius :—

“ A yell that rent the firmament  
From all the town arose.  
On the housetops was no woman  
But spat towards him and hissed—  
No child but screamed out curses,  
And shook its little fist.”

Can anything be more suggestive than the following, which relates to the shores of the Lake Regillus, where the great battle was fought?—

“ The fisher baits his angle,  
The hunter twangs his bow—  
Little they think on those strong limbs  
That moulder deep below.

“ Little they think how sternly  
That day the trumpets pealed,  
How in the slippery swamps of blood  
Warrior and war-horse reeled—

*“How wolves came with fierce gallop,  
And crows on eager wings,  
To tear the flesh of captains,  
And pick the eyes of kings.”*

But the question has been raised whether Macaulay, with all his powers of memory, is strictly accurate. And it has even been suggested that he sacrificed truth to his passion for pictorial effect. Consciously we do not believe that he erred in this way; and if inaccuracies are to be found in his work, most of them can easily be corrected. He made William too bright, it has been said; he made Marlborough too dark; he caricatured Scotland; he libelled William Penn; he depreciated the English clergy of the seventeenth century. A number of these instances are brought forward; and then the conclusion is drawn that his work is unreliable—that it may be very amusing, but that it is not the history of England. Now we are not going to defend his inaccuracies, though there are much fewer than are commonly supposed. But, granting that they exist, we have to point out that they do not interfere with the general merits of the history. Those who take the most serious objection to particular facts are content to do homage to the work as a whole. Here and there a face may not be correctly rendered—a hand may be out of drawing—and the cut of a coat may not be quite in the fashion; but the picture, as a whole, is a faithful one, and cannot be surpassed. Nobody presumes to question the general view which the historian has given of English affairs. It is the correct view; and most of the inaccuracies which are laid to his charge have reference to those details which scarcely belong to history, and which he has even been blamed for introducing into the stately compositions inspired by the historic muse. Moreover, whatever slips he has made admit of easy correction. Compare Macaulay with Hume or with Gibbon. Everybody knows the spirit in which the latter historians narrated the events that engaged their attention. What antidote is there for the sneers—the covert sneers and sly inuendoes of either the one or the other? Some have even been unwilling to place their histories into the hands of the young. If Macaulay now and then gives a false fact, he does not give what is far worse—false principles; and we feel that he is at all times a perfectly safe companion, who has left no line which, dying, he could wish to blot. Therefore, when we hear it stated that Macaulay, whatever he has done, however able his work, however glorious his writing, has at least not written a work which in any strict sense deserves to be called the history of England—that he may be a historical novelist, but that he certainly is not a faithful historian—we beg to point out to the Humes and



Gibbons of the past, and ask whether his truthfulness will not bear comparison with them, and whether his infidelities are not infinitely less than theirs? It has been the fashion to pick flaws in all histories, from that of Herodotus to that of Macaulay, and to represent the historian who invents a new mode of stating facts as a mere romancer. These accusations will soon be forgotten; and we shall see only the perfect honesty of the man, the brilliant, but it may be fallible, art of the writer—the sobriety and soundness of the thinker. Macaulay's detractors may rest assured that, come what will, when the names of the historians of England are mentioned he will be found in the very front rank.

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## VII.

### THE PROTESTANT MOVEMENT IN ITALY.

AGES before Luther and Calvin were born, and generations before the days of Wiclif, there sheltered in the valleys of Northern Italy a brave race who rejected the doctrines and the domination of the Papacy. These were the progenitors of those very Waldenses who have of late years been so anxious to teach the Italians a purer faith. The history of this people is one of the most interesting on record, and exhibits one of the grandest protests ever made in favour of religious liberty. Amid all internal fluctuations and external changes, the Waldenses have never ceased to claim for themselves the right to worship God in their own way. When the reformation movement of the sixteenth century began, multitudes in Italy then eagerly embraced the doctrines of Protestantism, and the Scriptures and other religious books were printed in the vernacular. But the Inquisition, with its racks, gibbets, and stakes, its prisons and its banishments, cruelly suppressed the new doctrine, and plunged Italy into darkness again.\* From time to time since then a little has been done to make known the Gospel in that land; but it was not till the revolutions of 1848 that any extensive action could be attempted. Then, however, many thousand copies of the Scriptures and other

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\* The reader who wishes to be acquainted with the religious movement and its suppression in Italy, in the sixteenth century, should peruse the admirable work of Dr. M'Crie on this subject—"History of the Reformation in Italy."

works were circulated among the people throughout the country. Many of these have been destroyed, and their readers, wherever discovered, have been punished.\* But many have escaped; and even in Tuscany itself, there are persons who have continued to meet secretly in order to read the New Testament and to pray. In Sardinia, however, thanks to more liberal measures, the work of Italian evangelization was diligently carried on. The old Waldenses, faithful to their traditions, were vigilant and active. Coming forth from their Alpine valleys, they established themselves at such places as Turin, Nice, Genoa, and Alessandria. As far as possible they instituted religious services in the Italian language, and sent out evangelists and colporteurs to the frontiers of Lombardy and Parma, where they taught and distributed books in the same tongue. In this way many strangers from Central and Southern Italy heard the Gospel, and carried home the books they had received, at leisure to ponder over what they had learned. A secession from the Waldenses, originating in some questions of Church order, led to the formation of a purely Italian party and an extension of the work.†

This new body adopted principles somewhat assimilated to those of the Plymouth Brethren. Regarding the Church as a spiritual institution, and not an ecclesiastical organization, they maintained that the Bible was the only Christian law, that all believers were bound to make known the truth, and that the true bond of fellowship was personal

\* Such cases as those of Count Guicciardini, the Madiari, &c., are well known. "In Tuscany alone we are not surprised to find that, from 1853 to 1856 inclusive, a period of only four years, no fewer than 1,820 persons were prosecuted for what they call 'offences' against the established religion of the country."—"Evangelization of Italy," p. 7. See also About's "Question Romaine," chap. 16, Tolerance. The great fault of this book is that it is too true.

† The following passages of letters from the Genevan Committee will show the mode of Evangelization adopted:—

"You will understand our plan of campaign: to sell Bibles, tracts &c. by good colporteurs; and by means of our humble labourers, the evangelists, to form little meetings without agitation; to multiply meetings in upper rooms, and to give lessons on the Bible, as would be done with little children. Then, if God design to bless these small beginnings, others will go afterwards to preach during the long evenings of autumn and winter. Colportage looks well—ininitely better than we expected. The sales have been abundant; 300 to 350 tracts or pamphlets of different sorts, and a score of Bibles and New Testaments, in one week, is much in a country where so few people know how to read.

"Do not be astonished that we recommend our Bible-readers to confine themselves to small meetings, and to multiply them. It is important at the beginning to have only meetings to which every one brings his Bible, and to instruct the people as children, in order that they may be accustomed at the outset to draw for themselves from the fountain of the Word. It is through the *Word* that they will be in a condition to resist the priests, who are already considerably astir."

religion. At the same time they declared their adhesion to orthodox doctrine, and their undying enmity to all the corruptions of Popery. They prided themselves on their nationality as Italians, and adopted as their mission Italian evangelization. Among them were men of strong faith, and withal of genius and eloquence—men who had suffered confiscation and exile for their religion. It is not to be wondered at that these zealous men made way, and found many to sympathise with them.\*

When, therefore, the war and its concomitant revolutions of last year broke out, there were two distinct parties ready to take advantage of the opportunity afforded for more active endeavours on behalf of Italy. The Waldenses at once set to work, and their agents followed the allied armies into Lombardy, where they ministered the consolations of religion to the sick, the wounded, and the dying, and to others as far as practicable. It is not our business to record the rapid series of events by which, one after another, part of Lombardy, with Parma, Modena, Lucca, Tuscany, and the Romagna were thrown open to the friends of evangelization. These events are of too recent occurrence not to be remembered. No time was to be lost; and at the first cry of liberty, appeals were addressed to the Protestants of Europe for aid, and an effort was made to enlist every available form of agency. The Waldenses immediately sent one of their best preachers to Florence, where he had laboured a few years before, until expelled by the police on the return of despotism. Colporteurs were supplied with Bibles and tracts, and suddenly made their appearance in every direction; evangelists were promptly equipped for their task, and sent to the field of action. In a word, all that could be done was done; and amid the din of civil commotion, and the conflicts of political parties, the messengers of Christianity lifted up their voice in favour of law, order, and pure religion. It was a noble sight, and one which deserved to find sympathy and favour.†

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\* An excellent account of parties in Italy will be found in the pamphlet of Mr. Dunn on "Protestantism in Italy; its Progress and Peculiarities."

† The following letter from Dr. Desanctis, of Turin, gives a clear statement of the work of the Evangelic Church in Italy:—

"Turin, November 8.

"The stations of our Evangelical Church are the following: Turin, Genoa, Nice, Alessandria, Novi, Asti, Novara, Graglia, and Fara, in all nine stations in Piedmont. As soon as Lombardy and Tuscany were free, an Evangelist went to Milan from Turin, and also one from Novara. One of our Evangelists has left us to return to Florence; he is an excellent Christian, and a man of learning, formerly a priest in Tuscany. In every station, except Asti, there is an Evangelist, and in Genoa there are two, making up, altogether, fourteen Evangelists; besides which, we have a number of Bible Colporteurs, who are now travelling everywhere in Lombardy and Tuscany, as well as in Piedmont. There are two directors of this



Difficulties of various kinds stood in the way. Men were wanting, and the cry was continually for more labourers. Money was wanting. Books were wanting. The supply was in all respects unequal to the demand, and yet, perhaps, resources were never better husbanded. This was not all. The minds of men were pre-occupied with civil matters, or scarce delivered from the fears of sacerdotal power, or ignorant and besotted, so that but a small minority could or would attend to religious questions. And then, the priesthood taking the alarm, opposed and denounced the Protestant propaganda in every way.\* And so it has continued until now. All the petty obstacles which could be laid in the path of the teachers and their followers have been had recourse to. Little jealousies and animosities have been fomented. The sick have been besieged, and the dying harassed by sanctified intruders in clerical robes. Absurd stories have been

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work of colportage, Betti and Lucquet, who frequently make circuits and watch over the work with great zeal. In every station there is a church; understand me, not a material edifice, but converted brethren who meet for communion every Sunday. In Turin, where indifference is the greatest, and where we meet with incredible opposition, we have about 60 communicants. In Genoa, and in Alessandria, the number is greater. We are accused by some of being Plymouthists; but I can assert before God it is a calumny. We do not even wish to know what Plymouthism is—our desire is to serve God according to His word—and we recognize for brethren all true Christians, who confess Christ as God manifested in the flesh, to whatever church they belong. We regulate ourselves with simplicity, following as far as possible the Apostolic model.

"The Evangelist in Milan writes to me of the conversion of a Bolognese Count, resident in Milan. Our churches are small, but there is life in them. The evening meetings are especially for the study of the Scriptures. In Turin, long expositions are often given, but the brethren have liberty to interrupt, in order to ask for explanation, or to express any doubt or difficulty they may have as to the meaning of the passage under consideration.

"God is blessing us, but He also tries and proves us. If it were to please Him to send us more means, we think we could do more—but He is the Lord, and His will be done. Tell your Christian friends in England to pray for us; prayer, offered in faith, obtains all things.

"I ardently desire to have a conference with my much-loved friend Gavazzi. We were together preachers of error, but God has called us to the truth. Dear Gavazzi is not always understood—he has an ardent character—in other times, he would have been the Luther of Italy. In order properly to appreciate him, intimate acquaintanceship and experience of him are necessary. I pray God that he may be understood by all the dear Christians of England, and that he may thus be enabled to do much good for this work.

"Pray! pray! for this poor Italy! and pray for us who labour there, so that in the midst of so many difficulties, courage may not be lacking, but that we may be faithful servants of the Lord."

\* See, for instance, the letter of the Cardinal Archbishop of Pisa, addressed the 29th of December, to Salvagnoli, the Tuscan Minister for worship, in which his grace even goes so far as to denounce by name a poor shoemaker, who had been guilty of the high crime and misdemeanour of keeping a school in his house, and allowing religious meetings to be held there. We know this man to be a quiet, humble, and inoffensive Christian, but very zealous for the truth.

industriously promulgated that the departing spirit of the apostate from Rome has been carried away by the Devil, whose own private mark has been imprinted in horrid guise upon the ghastly corpse.\* The rites of sepulture have been refused, and mourning friends have been denied the power to bury their dead out of their sight.† Ridiculous tales have been circulated of the atrocious, political, and infidel designs of the new teachers. Every Bible circulated by them has been declared full of the most deadly heresy and blasphemy, opposed alike to God and man. Every religious tract and book has been described as abounding in error and impiety. The alarm and the indignation have ascended through all ranks of the clergy, from the priest to the bishop, and from the bishop to the archbishop, and on to the very Pope himself. The late *Univers* and all the ultramontane newspapers joined in the chorus, the blind bigots of Austria and Spain chimed in, and the poor deluded papists of Ireland took up the strain. In fact, all the Romish geese were set cackling. And who can wonder at it? It was bad enough for Lombardy to be lost to the fatherly government of Austria, for the Duchies to assert their civil rights, for the Romagna to refuse allegiance to King Pio Nono,‡ and for the whole patrimony of Saint Peter to be threatened; but it was, if possible, worse for the Bible to be openly and extensively circulated, and for its teachings to be made known to vulgar men. *Hinc illæ lachrymæ!* But this was not all. Political writers, with no sympathy for evangelical religion, ignorantly sought to bring discredit on the religious movement, by asserting that the Italians were too untaught, too unbelieving, too worldly, or too pre-occupied with civil questions to trouble themselves about the Gospel.§ They maintained that the converts were influenced solely by inferior and secular motives, and only patronised Protestantism because of its alliance with the cause of civil liberty. "Wait," said they, "and when the people are better instructed, less degraded, more established in their liberties, and less engaged, then see what you can do. In the meantime, it is better to hold back; the provisional governments will be embarrassed, the clergy will be enraged, and the people will have their attention diverted from the main chance if you go on." There was truth

\* See the last "Quarterly Reporter of the Evangelical Continental Society," p. 4.

† "Times" Correspondence of Dec. 13th. The account is taken from the "Armonia."

‡ "Observateur Catholique," of Dec. 1st, quoting from the "Univers," the announcement of a new work by M. Chantrel, entitled "Pie IX., Roi."

§ Compare the "Saturday Review," of Dec. 31st.

in this, and an air of plausibility sufficient to check the timid, who feared they might lose all by attempting too much. Some who were not restrained from helping on the work, or from receiving the new Apostles, nevertheless felt that great caution and prudence were necessary, lest one indiscreet step should lead to mischief; and all, so far as we can ascertain, have determined to avoid everything like ostentatious publicity and demonstration, and the mixing up of politics with religion. This anxiety to promote the great cause of law and order, by the "meekness of wisdom," was admirably illustrated in Florence towards the close of last year. The Evangelical Christians in that city had opened a large hall capable of holding five or six hundred persons, and immense multitudes speedily began to assemble there to hear the now famous Signor Mazzarella, an ex-Neapolitan advocate, a man of piety, parts, learning, and eloquence. It was feared that this public demonstration would be taken advantage of by the enemies of the government, and therefore the authorities recommended the preacher to occupy a less prominent situation, and to close the doors when the room was full. This advice was followed without an objection, and Mazzarella at once commenced preaching in another smaller and less public place, where he ministered to less numerous audiences, but multiplied the number of his services.\* Since then Mazzarella has returned to Genoa, where he habitually labours, and the large hall has been resumed under favourable circumstances. Other facts have come to our knowledge, proving that the Evangelical teachers are all the uncompromising friends of public order and law. And with regard to their disciples, even their bitterest enemies have not dared to accuse them of a single breach of the peace, or of the rules of decorum. This is a marvellous feature in the present movement, among a people so enthusiastic and excitable as the Italians. If, in the intoxication of their joy at the possession of civil and religious freedom at one and the same time, any of them had broken out into the excesses of fanaticism, it would be matter rather for regret than for surprise. But nothing of the sort has occurred, and no one has ventured to say it has. This reticence and self-control might be accounted for in various ways, but we believe there is only one true solution, and it is this, that this religious movement is based on sound, scriptural principles. The aim is not to overturn one form of church organization, and to set up another, nor to take revenge upon the Romish priesthood as the supporters of despotism and the Inquisition. No such thing;

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\* The last "Quarterly Reporter of the Evangelical Continental Society," p. 5.



the simple and definite purpose of the promoters of the work is, to teach God's truth to men who were ignorant of it, to bring sinners to Christ, and to inculcate all the precepts of the Christian law of holiness. Beyond this there is no conspiracy or ulterior aim. There is neither political cabal, nor Jesuitic intrigue, nor spiritual freemasonry in the matter. In this respect it differs from many modern reformations, in which the national soul has loathed and cast out the old superstitions, and strictly resembles the original introduction of Christianity by the conversion of individuals. The work is not more destructive than constructive. For everything abandoned a substitute is provided. If all spiritual authority is denied to priest, council, and pope, it is claimed for God as revealed in His infallible Word. If sacramental efficacy is regarded as a fraud, and baptismal grace, transubstantiation, and extreme unction are repudiated, faith, hope, and charity are set forth as the fruits of the Spirit of God, the author of all goodness in man. If masses, and absolutions, merits, Madonnas, and saints, are discarded as of no avail to man's salvation, the blood of Christ is believed to cleanse from all sin, and the intercession of Christ is regarded as procuring access to God in every time of need. Bulls, excommunications, and anathemas are so much useless expenditure of rage and labour, because it is known Christ will cast out none that come to him. Purgatory is simply shut up; there is no use for it in God's plan of salvation. The popish conglomeration called the Church is an imposition, because the Church is made up of souls who believe in Christ. Hence worldly rank, titles and dignity, and such distinctions as those of popes, bishops, and priests, have no place in the kingdom of God, where all are truly priests and kings. Crosses, statues, pictures, and all such things, do more harm than good, and call off the attention from Christ and His salvation, the saints and their example. A man is not religious by his corporate capacity, nor by rite and ceremony, but by personal faith in Christ, and a personal work of the Holy Spirit in him. Religion is spiritual, and therefore the religious man looks to God for support, protection, and success, not to the patronage and alliances of earthly kings, rulers, and emperors.

We are very anxious not to misrepresent the principles and tactics of our Italian friends, and therefore we add, that while nearly the whole of the preceding details apply to all of them, the Waldenses form a partial exception in reference to certain items connected with discipline and organization. The Vaudois form of church government is sufficiently characterised by the term Presbyterian. Denominational matters are very much in the hands of a committee of pastors

called the *Table Vaudoise*. Over this central board is placed a President, or *Moderator*. The general body of parties give up to these the control of affairs, and merely recommend such measures as seem desirable. Considerable importance is attached to ordination, and an unordained minister is not permitted to dispense the communion. The principle of State endowments is not repudiated, and connection with civil governments is admitted in other ways. There are some other differences between the Waldenses and the free Italian Christians, but their fundamental principles are the same, and both are characterised by a noble zeal for Italian evangelization. Of course the movements of the Waldenses are more slow and formal, and probably more expensive. They have also another disadvantage, which is that the Italian language is not their mother tongue, and however fluently they may learn to speak it, they carry away from their valleys a rustic guttural accent, which is distasteful to those accustomed to the sweetness and harmony of the Tuscan tongue. Being, however, a regularly organized and recognized body, they have influence before the civil governments, and are likely to have respect and consideration. But this very organization, and their official character, sometimes create suspicion in the minds of the Italians, who have formed the habit of associating these qualities with Jesuistry, the Inquisition, and the priests. Those who can go to the people as their brethren, and on their own personal responsibility, are on the whole more likely to have speedy and extensive influence. The system and the discipline of the Waldenses, their known position and their recognized principles are not to be undervalued as useless; but it must be apparent to those who have watched the course of Italian evangelization for the last few years, that Providence has conferred special honour upon the free and almost unorganized labourers. During the last ten or twelve months this fact has been more apparent than ever, and at the present time the decided majority of evangelists in Italy proceed on the independent principle. They have some admirable men among them as leaders, which is very important where the agents are necessarily widely scattered, and destitute of all-worldly endowments and advantages. Dr. Desanctis, formerly a popular priest in Rome, but now of Turin, is a man of great personal excellence, and of a truly apostolic spirit. He is an admirable preacher, an able writer, and a prudent counsellor. His attention is particularly devoted to the work of instruction, and with his amiable and accomplished wife, he has established in Turin a school of about a hundred children, in which he himself gives regular religious instruction. Some of his publications have been very popular, and greatly blessed. At Genoa there is

Mazzarella, of whom we have spoken, and who is always ready for every good work. He is a man of great influence, and has sent out a good number of labourers into the field, whom he follows with his prayers, his counsels, and his aid. Count Guicciardini is another well-known promoter of the Protestant cause, and even in his exile has never lost sight of the spiritual concerns of his countrymen. Then there is, for the present at least, Signor Gavazzi, who if not formally associated with them, is allied with them in heart, and pants for the spiritual regeneration of Italy. This eminent and excellent individual, whose peculiarities have gained him more applause among us than his heroic courage, his high moral principle, his profound religious convictions, and his wonderful appreciation of the woes and wants of Italy, may, and we trust will yet, do much for his country. We are quite sure he deserves all the confidence and encouragement of English Christians.

After long acquaintance with his character and labours, we are profoundly convinced, with such men in the field, the cause of Italy is not lost, nor her case desperate. The whole head is sick, and the whole heart faint; from head to foot there is no soundness in it. As the prophet says, "From the least to the greatest every one is given to covetousness, and from the prophet to the priest every one dealeth falsely." Long years of civil despotism have well nigh obliterated conscience, and stifled all noble feeling. Ages of priestly exaction and imposition, of Jesuitic craft and cunning, and of Inquisitorial *espionage* and cruelty have done their proper work upon the national character. The banishment of the Bible, the suppression of Christian literature, and the reign of ignorance, have left their impress upon the people. A religion which benefited neither the heart nor the life, and a Christianity without Christ, have taught many to abhor the name of both. What marvel if some should think the wound past cure, and refuse the divinely-appointed remedy itself? Still we repeat, the cause of Italy is not lost, and with such men at the work it will not be. We admit the apparent want of some one, who, like Saul, shall tower up above the rest of the host. Looking at the work, we might wish for some leader who shall combine in himself the patient industry of a Wiclif, the glowing zeal of a Savonarola, the martyr spirit of a John Huss, the Hector-like soul of a Luther, the learning of a Calvin, and the consecration of a Zwingli. We know not such a man; nor is such a man necessary. It is to be remembered that the movers in this work disclaim reliance upon man or men; and by their silent, individual, undistinguished labours they are doing the best work just now for Italy. The truth is, and should never



be lost sight of, the work going on in the Italian Peninsula is altogether an unexceptional one. Not one of the civil governments has armed itself against the Roman Catholic religion. Not one of the States has been revolutionized by questions of religion. True, the Jesuits have in some cases been expelled, and the clergy have been reminded that politics are not exactly within their province. A general feeling prevails that the Pope ought not to be a king, and that the priesthood has been more intent upon the fleece than was conducive to the welfare of the flock. The agency employed for evangelizing Italy has not been employed at the request of the mass of the people. It is a voluntary, spontaneous movement on the part of individuals in that country already converted, sustained by Christians of other countries, especially Great Britain, who believe that Christ really meant that his followers should go into all the world and preach the Gospel to every creature. Hence the analogy with what occurred in the Apostles' days, when the disciples traversed Asia Minor, Greece, and Italy, preaching the Gospel to all who would hear it, without waiting to be invited. And just as then there was little uniformity and organization at the outset, so is it now. Institutions then grew up as they were wanted, out of the Church, and not the Church out of them; and so we expect it will be in Italy. Multitudes of persons, meeting in different places, agreed as to essentials, but perhaps varying in some details, will of their own accord sooner or later associate more or less closely, for the advantage of mutual fellowship and support, and for the promotion of common objects. Seeing this will, in all probability, occur in its proper time, it will be the duty of foreign Christians, not to hasten or to force their brethren. Consolidation, which is natural and free, will be more real and permanent, and lead to better results, than what is premature and constrained. Until now, there has been on all substantial questions, a harmony which may be called unanimous, and any indications of restiveness and alienated affection, which may have occurred, have arisen almost entirely from the indiscreet zeal of those who wish to propagate some foreign system of Church order upon Italian soil.\* We therefore warn all who love Italy, and wish well to the new-born Churches there, not to intermeddle in their affairs, not to resolve their questions, not to dictate their proceedings, nor to enforce their form of Church order. They have scarcely had time to look calmly at this matter yet, they are hardly in a position to do so; and their minds are too much intent on simply preaching Christ for men's salvation. When

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\* This view is fully confirmed by numerous letters in our possession.

they have more leisure they will come to reflect upon these things in the light of their circumstances, and will decide for themselves, whether they will be Presbyterians, Episcopalians, or Congregationalists. Experience will gradually teach them what form is most conducive to the interests of the Gospel in their country, and which harmonises best with the policy that is suitable to their circumstances.

We have not dwelt too long on these questions, seeing they are of vital importance, and persons are found ready to qualify the tendencies to delay organization in Italy, as Plymouthism and so forth. To us it matters little what the Italians are called, provided they make good claim to the name of Christians, and this they have done. All of them showed an apostolic zeal during the late war, and, backed by the noble liberality of the British and Foreign Bible Society, they commenced a system of colportage which has gone on to this day. The Society just named, with true Christian disinterestedness supports twelve or fourteen agents of different kinds, who labour in every part of Italy now open; and we have no doubt are quite ready to distribute the "Word of God," in what is absurdly styled the "Patrimony of St. Peter," the moment Peter's writings cease to be interdicted. The Religious Tract Society is another helper in the work, and is rendering good service in its own quiet and effective way. Vast numbers of Italian Bibles, and useful books and tracts have been put into circulation, and either secretly or openly they are extensively read. Evangelists and private Christians read and expound the Scripture to the people; and every night, in a multitude of places, converts and inquirers meet for conference and prayer. In the principal cities, and in some smaller towns, meetings are held for the public preaching of the Gospel. Some of these meetings are largely attended, and are always characterised by seriousness, propriety, and decorum. Churches have been formed, the members of which assemble to celebrate the Lord's Supper. A few schools, chiefly on a small scale, have been opened for the instruction of the young. In a word, a great work has been accomplished, and that both directly and indirectly. Prejudices have been subdued, evangelical religion is better understood; its professors are no longer regarded as monsters, and curiosity has been awakened. This is much to say, and what no one would have ventured to predict a few short months ago.

Whence, it may be asked, come the means to carry on these operations? We have already named the Bible and Tract Societies, but these are not all. The converts themselves are some of them most liberal and self-denying. For example, recently one of them

received a sum of money, left as a legacy to his wife. This sum he immediately devoted to the purchase and fitting up of a house for public worship, in order to overcome the difficulty of finding proper accommodation.\* Many of them give all the time and money they can to help on the work. But since they are for the most part poor, and new openings are continually presenting themselves foreign aid is imperatively required. To supply this, there is the Committee for Italian Evangelization at Geneva, which does more than contribute money, inasmuch as it, to a certain extent, directs the movements of its agents. The principal member of this Committee is the excellent Colonel Tronchin. Another Committee exists at Nice, mainly composed of Englishmen, and this, like its Genevan colleague, not only collects, but looks after the appropriation of its funds.† It is much the same with the Waldenses. Then there are certain individuals who superintend the distribution of funds entrusted to them. In England, there are generous and devoted Christians who give or collect money for the same purpose, and the case may be the same elsewhere. Sympathy is all very well, but money must be had, for rents have to be paid, and the expenses of the meetings must be met. Evangelists, with their wives and families, must be kept from starvation, and books must be purchased. Travelling involves an outlay; and when the converts have done their utmost, a wide margin remains to be filled up. In some cases, agents have to be trained, and fitted for their work. But to return to the sources of supply. There are certain committees for continental evangelization in Scotland, Ireland, and England. In Scotland the Free Church vigorously assist the Waldenses. In England, we find two Societies, the Foreign Aid and the Evangelical Continental; and also an Italian Committee. This latter is a small organization whose movements are very private, and therefore its action is limited, and its influence trifling. It is the opinion of some that its existence is superfluous. We turn, then, to the Foreign Aid. This Society is chiefly supported by evangelical members of the Church of England. Two of its executive, the Rev. Richard Burgess, the Secretary, and the Hon. Arthur Kinnaird undertook a journey to Northern and Central Italy in September last, for the laudable purpose of making themselves acquainted with the field. From a very interesting report of this journey, we gather a number of facts in the main harmonising with our own convictions already expressed. We cannot sufficiently commend the candour and truthfulness of this report, coming, as it does, from those who

\* "Quarterly Reporter of the Evangelical Continental Society;" where however all the facts are not named.

† Report of the "Foreigners' Evangelization Committee at Nice," Nov. 1859.



might have been expected to withhold their due meed of praise from the irregular modes of religious activity they witnessed and yet admired. They describe with great fairness and accuracy what they witnessed at Turin, Milan, Florence, Genoa, and elsewhere; and the general impression their statement leaves upon the mind is, that it will be a shame and sorrow to England in after years if British Christians *now* stand aloof from their brethren now labouring to spread the Gospel in Italy. We are not aware to what extent their appeal has been responded to; but we have reason to believe that hitherto a very limited sum has been placed at the disposal of the Foreign Aid Society for this object. Of course, the claim is yet new, and popular interest must gradually be awakened in it.\*

And now comes the Evangelical Continental Society, which is supported almost entirely by Nonconformists. We find that this society has issued a series of appeals on behalf of Italy from the commencement of the opportunity in its favour. These appeals have been widely circulated, and extracts from its correspondence have been published. And with what result? At a *soirée* held in London, on the 1st of February, the secretary announced that the subscriptions for Italy amounted to three hundred pounds. This is but a paltry sum, and seems to be a reproach to British Nonconformists. Why, compare this with the large amounts enthusiastically forwarded to Garibaldi to buy rifles and gunpowder. The list is before us, and we find that only *one* Dissenting congregation in all England has contributed six pounds as a collection

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\* This letter from Mrs. Desanctis may interest English readers in the school that is so admirably conducted by her husband and herself:—

“ July 23.

“I am anxious to give you a few details of the examination which took place on the 20th instant. It would have rejoiced your heart to have seen how the numbers have increased. Every seat in the chapel was taken up by these dear children, and their happy countenances showed how delighted they were that the long-expected day had at last arrived. At one end of the room were placed two tables, one containing the prizes and upon the other were exhibited a variety of things, such as shirts, collars, samplers, &c., which had been made by the elder girls;—letters written in French and Italian, copy-books and several other things written by both boys and girls. There was also a list containing the names of all the children, showing how many had been regular in attending the Sunday-school, and another list of good conduct. But all eyes were directed to the table containing the prizes, where besides the Bibles and Testaments, and other neatly-bound books, were the two large silver medals, the gift of our valued friend Gavazzi, for the two boys who had made the greatest progress in knowledge of the Holy Scriptures.

“It was sweet to hear these dear children lift up their voices in praising the Lord. All joined in chorus most sweetly. After the Hymn was sung, Dr. Desanctis came forward with the Bible in his hand, and commenced the examination. Two of the boys, Carnano and Bernato, showed such thorough acquaintance with God's Word that there was no doubt that each deserved the honoured prize; their answers were so correct and given in such exact Scripture language.

on behalf of Italy; and though the sum is small, it is worthy of record, showing one honourable exception among the thousand free churches of England. We shall not plead for the two societies we have alluded to; but we must say that, as the only two societies in England which profess to assist in the present Italian movement, they ought to have received more than five or six hundred pounds from all classes of British Christians for the work's sake, if not for their own. The little they have raised has been principally given to the Waldenses and the two committees at Geneva and at Nice.

We are aware that an impression is abroad that the Italian work is very insignificant—that what little is done must be kept secret—and that money is not required to aid it. As to the first, the Italian work is small, if compared with the millions who inhabit the country. But it is large when contrasted with what it was a year ago, and for many years previously; it is large when it is considered that scarcely fifty missionaries and colporteurs are engaged; and it is large if we bear in mind the immense extent of territory thrown open, and the possibility of an increase. To our minds it is enough that Italy is the field. As to the second affirmation, that pecuniary aid is not required, it is an amiable delusion whereby to excuse an unwilling mind; but the facts we have cited must dispel it. With regard to the third point, the statement is partially true; and this is the chief reason why we have refrained in this paper from giving statements through which any danger could accrue to the unprotected and scattered evangelists who are now doing the work of God. We regret this necessity imposed on us, as the narration of facts known to us would enlist sympathy more effectually than any other appeal.\* But the public prints abound in details quite explicit enough to show the character and bearings of the movement. It is certain that the Pope and the Italian archbishops and bishops do not look on with indifference. They have uttered the most absurd and exaggerated assertions about it, misrepresenting it in every way, and they have thundered out their anathemas against all who favour and promote it. His Holiness, for example, says to his Irish supporters, "Let

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\* The prudence that is required by Christian men in Italy is indicated in the touching words of one of her noble sons, who thus writes:—

"In order not to ruin everything by too hot a zeal, I must, for the present, remain silent, merely observing and studying our affairs. Until the fate of Central Italy is decided, we must not risk the great cause of the Gospel. Not that I see Italy unprepared—she is even very much prepared—but the temporary governments are so timid, they take fright at the very mention of the preaching of the Gospel. . . . I have found, even more than I expected, minds disposed to abandon Popery, when there shall be liberty to speak freely."

us unite in invoking the patronage of all the blessed in heaven, especially of the immaculate Virgin Mary, Mother of God, that the pest of heresy and schism, which men the most wicked are striving to introduce into the regions of Italy, may be driven from them?" It has been truly said that this passage proves what spirit they are of, and forcibly reminds us of that admirable scene in the *Pilgrim's Progress*, where Bunyan says of old giant Pope, "He can now do little more than sit in his cave's mouth, grinning at pilgrims as they go by, and biting his nails, because he cannot come at them, saying, 'You will never mend till more of you be burned.'"\* It is true the terrors of the *auto da fè* are over, even in Italy; but this is no reason why we should be at all indifferent to those who are striving to plant the standard of Christ's cross upon the summits of Italy. Their dangers are great, the work is urgent. They are sober, earnest men, fearing God. Hitherto they have prospered; and if they have not created a national movement, they have everywhere found acceptance; and they look with especial confidence to free and Protestant England for sympathy and succour. We are persuaded that when the reality and power of the work are understood among us, thousands will be ready to help them, and to wish them God-speed.

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## Brief Notices.

**JOHN ANGELL JAMES:** A Review of his History, Character, Eloquence, and Literary Labours; with Dissertations on the Pulpit and the Press, Academic Preaching, College Reform, &c. By John Campbell, D.D. London: John Snow. 1869.

THIS valuable work demands a further notice at our hands. Being received by us just before the publication of our article last month on John Angell James, we were unable to exhibit the scope and variety of the contents of this volume, or to estimate its ability. Now, however, we are prepared to do both. It is a splendid monument

raised by the affection of Dr. Campbell to the zealous labours, the great talents, the single and hallowed purpose of his life-long friend. It does not profess to be a biography. It is an *éloge*, written with the pathos of mourning and with all the glow of admiring friendship. So it subdues and animates the reader with varying but powerful emotions. Dr. Campbell, under the natural prompting of his admiration for Angell James, has proposed to himself a double task in his memorial volume—viz., to record the chief events and results of Mr. James's life, and also to set forth his

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\* "Quarterly Reporter of Evangelical Continental Society," p. 6.



example for the emulation of his followers in the ministry. Hence the variety and practical value of this work. The narration of the life is interspersed with lustrous paragraphs, set in as reflectors to deflect and flash the light of Mr. James's history upon the problems of ministerial life that are now agitated. The volume is divided into sections or books, the titles of which indicate their contents:—Introduction—Biographical Outline—Robert Haldane—Academic Preaching—Character—Eloquence—The Pulpit and the Press—Literary Labours—Conclusion. The section on Angell James's literary labours is richly instructive, as it gives a *résumé* of Mr. James's writings, with selections and criticisms; and so gathers into a focus the central radiant truths which Mr. James made so clear and clothed with such impressive majesty in all his works. We have seldom read pages crowded with weightier thoughts or expressed with a nobler felicity. A skilful and loving hand has drawn this precious elixir from a mass of goodly volumes. While thus a former chapter depicts the outward portraiture of Mr. James's career, in this chapter the soul of this "Man of God" is revealed with its characteristic and strongly-marked features, and its wide, deep-hearted sympathies.

Throughout the volume, Dr. Campbell says many strong and pungent things in reference to the Nonconformist ministry of the present day. Two topics, however, chiefly engage his attention, which are intimately connected with Mr. James's life—viz., the Art of Preaching, and the Training of Ministerial Students—both topics of superlative importance, which we have already discussed in the pages of *THE ECLECTIC*. We do not agree with Dr. Campbell as to the good results accruing to our students from university examinations and degrees. He forgets that similar examinations have always been held in our colleges, and the only difference—which con-

stitutes the superiority of university examination—is that they are more thorough, of wider range, and severer scrutiny. But we do most cordially and emphatically support his demands for a higher theological and homiletic education in our colleges. And if B.A. and M.A. degrees be incompatible with this, they must be abjured. Why should there not be the division in the student's course which Dr. Campbell recommends, and which is adopted in the Scottish churches, by which one portion of the term of years should be devoted to the literary and preliminary studies, and the other to strictly ministerial preparation. Plainly, Nonconformist ministers must be "thoroughly furnished" in our day for pulpit and public work, or their influence and their churches will be annihilated.

Dr. Campbell's utterances are hearty, earnest, and to the point. All must feel that he is zealous only for the "power of the Gospel," and therefore fearlessly denounces what his large experience and judgment have convinced him hinders the truth of God, and weakens the Church. We are always roused and instructed by his earnest testimony, if we do not always assent to it; and we have the warmest satisfaction in recommending his book to all Christian men who wish to know and to share the spirit of Angell James's life, and especially to all ministers of the Gospel, who will find a fund of stimulating and suggestive thought, such as is rarely deposited in one volume.

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THE GOOD STEWARD: a Manual for Sunday-school Teachers. By Miss Henderson.

IN a field of labour like the Sunday-school, it is most important that all the workers should have practical instruction. The readiest way to learn the right use of tools is to use them, and the readers of this book will be those who are actually at work, and that with a large amount

of efficiency. While, therefore, we think that it is well to remind such agents from time to time of the theory, the practice is at all times that which we look to discover in any work which professes to be a manual. It is true, the fair author of this treatise was, to a certain extent, precluded from dealing at length with the specific questions of infant training and senior class management—the committee very properly considering that Mr. Reed and Mr. Copper had supplied that lack in their prize essays, but we should rather have had a work more like that of the late Mrs. Davids, in a condensed form, which really was what it professed to be, a Manual for Teachers.

Now, while we say all this, we must not be supposed to be unimpressed with the great practical value of a large portion of this manual. It abounds in fit illustrations, is very suggestive, and bears the marks of great pains-taking and research. Perhaps it may result from a certain limitation of space, but from some cause, it seems to us that there is a want of completeness in some portions of the work. We take, for instance, the admirable advice given to teachers to keep up their influence over their pupils, to commence and carry on correspondence, to visit frequently, and winning the confidence of children and parents, become their friend, counsellor, and temporal helper. Now, to do this, a practical eye will at once see that there are difficulties in the way, and these obstacles are not in the power of the teacher to overcome. This advice should be given complete, with a decided advocacy of the abandonment of that useless plan of moving children incessantly from one class to another—a process by which influence is destroyed, and that without any equivalent advantage. This, and the baneful practice of alternate teaching, would at once render impossible the discharge of the duty so properly inculcated.

The book is a readable and useful one, and will form a valuable contribution to the libraries of our Sunday-schools of all denominations.

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INQUIRY INTO THE ORIGINAL LANGUAGE OF ST. MATTHEW'S GOSPEL; with Relative Discussions on the Language of Palestine in the Time of Christ, and on the Origin of the Gospel. By the Rev. Alexander Roberts, M.A., Minister of the Presbyterian Church, St. John's Wood. London: Bagsters. 8vo. pp. viii. 159.

THE object of this treatise, as stated in the first sentence of the preface, is "to vindicate and uphold the Greek original of St. Matthew's Gospel." The basis of the whole argument is, that the Greek was the prevailing language spoken in Palestine in the time of the Apostles, and that Our Lord himself usually spoke in that language. The general tradition of the early church as to the Hebrew (or Aramaic) original of Matthew is therefore set aside, as relating to a matter beyond the personal knowledge of the Fathers who report it, and being contradicted by the circumstances of the case. We cannot, in a brief notice, enter on the argument, but must confine ourselves to the mere statement of our conviction, that Mr. Roberts has not proved his fundamental point, and consequently his whole superstructure falls to the ground. We do not believe that any one will be convinced by the treatise. Those who already hold with Mr. Roberts the view that there never was any Hebrew Gospel written by Matthew, may readily accede to his statement; for it is pleasant to hear a clever advocate maintain one's own views, and put them in a somewhat new form; but at least as plausible an argument might be made out in a similar way on the other side, and we should be then, after all, no nearer the truth. Mr. Roberts has, however, risked the whole case on this one point, and states distinctly that "if that can be set aside, or if it fail to convince," he

is "willing to acknowledge, that nothing else which remains to be stated is likely to be successful, and at once to abandon the argument." (P. 87.) We cannot but think, that with his views of the extreme importance of the question, he has shown more confidence than prudence in this assertion. But the question, after all, interesting and in some respects important as it is, has not that vital connection with revealed truth which Mr. Roberts assigns to it. And we must protest against such language as the following:—"The question, then, which has been discussed in this treatise, is one of vast importance, not only in regard to the Gospel of St. Matthew, but the whole of the New Testament Scriptures. It is, in truth, the very *Thermopylæ* of sacred criticism, on this ground the decisive battle must be fought: the fate of the whole inspired Scriptures is, to a great extent, involved in its issue, and when we take up the position of Dr. Tregelles, it is only too plain that the result must prove disastrous to the friends of divine revelation, and that the cause of inspired truth is irretrievably lost." (Pp. 144, 145.) We earnestly advise Mr. Roberts, in any further critical attempt which he may make, not to indulge in such very rash assertions. The cause of inspired truth survived, though Papias in the second century declared that "Matthew wrote his Gospel in Hebrew, and every one interpreted it as he could;" nor is it yet irretrievably lost, though many of the Fathers in succession reiterated the same statement, and though Jerome in the fourth century added that "it was not certain by whom it was translated into Greek."

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THE UNITY OF THE FAITH. By the Rev. A. Leitch. Edinburgh: Elliott. London: Hamilton, Adams, and Co.

THE title of this book is not a happy one. It fails to define its proper aim. It is the plea of a thoughtful, cultivated, and earnest mind for Christian

union. The fundamental conclusion of the author we are unable to accept in all its extent. It is this, contradictory interpretations of the Scriptures are errors; they must be sinful in their origin; such conflicting opinions might be corrected; Christians are therefore culpable, that they are not doctrinally agreed. We admit, that there is not only some but much truth in the assertion, that the Protestant sects might and ought to approximate far more closely in their dogmas. But there are causes of theological diversity and purposes for its emergence, mental and moral, which this very simple theory strangely ignores, or does not apprehend. We are not at all sure that the use of dialogue by the author is any relief to the reader, and strongly suspect that it may confuse the thinking rather than sustain the attention of the majority. A sinister or ignorant consulter of the volume might make a mischievous use of the paragraphs assigned to the Popish and sceptical interlocutors. With the spirit and general intention of the writer, we feel the deepest sympathy, and admire the great ability with which he has executed his task. We have differed from him with reluctance, but feel the more able to recommend the book with candour to the serious study of all Christians. We have no expectation of arriving at religious *unity* through doctrinal *unanimity*. We can only wish that all the readers may cultivate the temper of the writer, and Christian *union* will be speedily attained without our needing to wait for theological *uniformity*.

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THE LIFE OF RICHARD KNILL, of St. Petersburg; being Selections from his Reminiscences, Journals, and Correspondence, with a Review of his Character and a Preface by the late Rev. John Angell James. By Charles H. Birrell. Nisbet and Co.

Few men in our day have possessed the peculiar and commanding influences of moral earnestness in a



greater degree than Richard Knill. He was a man of no very remarkable ability; he probably was never guilty of a transcendental thought in his life, but his measure of ability was consecrated in its entirety to whatever purpose he had in hand. This was naturally characteristic of him—a power of sharp, sudden, entire concentration of thought and of energy—and, when he became a pious man, the great motives of religion were added to the natural tendencies of character; and the whole was suffused with a sanctity and devotedness that made him irresistible. However questionable the wisdom of his projects, it was almost impossible to be critical, or to stand aloof while under the spell of his personal presence and urgency. In the moral results of his life, indeed, far more was accomplished through the impulses of his fervid heart, than the judgment of the wisest head could devise or fulfil. His sublime simplicity of purpose was more than wisdom to him. The heart is often wiser than the head. He belonged to the Xavier and Henry Martyn class of men—the seraph class—men who burn—and under similar condition of life, he would have been what they were. Everything about him partook of this simple intensity of character. Nothing that he did can be conceived of as measured, judicial, or common-place. Whatever his hand found to do he did with all his might. He

“Moved altogether if he moved at all.”

He had a passion for music, and thinking that he could gratify it if he could get into a militia band, he enlisted at once. His conversion was that of the jailer rather than that of Lydia. When the Barnstaple Militia was to be disbanded, he conceived the idea of making every militia man a tract distributor, and went into the barrack-yard when the men were assembled to persuade them to take his tracts. He succeeded, although one of the grenadiers

swore at him in a very fearful way. “Form a circle round him,” said he to his comrades,” and I will swear at him.” They did so. “He swore fearfully, and I wept,” says Mr. Knill. Years after he met this man—a converted man from the impressions of that hour. His consecration to missionary work was equally characteristic. He gave himself to it body and soul. For a short time he went to Madras. His health failing, he returned to England, and after a little while went to St. Petersburg, where he resided thirteen years. Again broken down in health, he returned to England, and for eight years was the travelling agent of the London Missionary Society. Then he was for a short time pastor of the Church at Wootton-under-Edge, and finally accepted the pastorate of the Congregational Church at Chester, where he closed his useful and holy life. The good bishop of the diocese followed him to his grave, saying that there was “comfort in taking the last look of a good man.”

This memoir of him, consisting very largely of selections from his journals and letters, is full of the most interesting incidents, and of high spiritual teaching. We are thankful for having perused it.

Mr. Birrell has discharged his duty admirably. His volume is the work of a refined taste and of a loving heart. It is simple, compendious, and modest. The biographer never stands before his friend—the painter before his portrait. In these days of prolix memoir writing, we heartily commend it as a model of what a memoir should be.

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THE MINISTER'S WOOING. By Mrs. Stowe.  
London: Sampson Low and Co.

THE plot of this story, as most of our readers will know, is drawn after a simple pattern. Mary, the heroine, is the only daughter of a widow, and is in love with her cousin, a frank,

merry, and thoughtless sailor. He goes away for a three years' voyage, to the complete satisfaction of the widow, who wishes to marry her daughter to Dr. Hopkins, a middle-aged New England Calvinistic divine, who boards in her house. Word is brought by a survivor that the sailor cousin is drowned; and bowed down to the earth in spirit, and gently urged on by her mother, Mary consents to marry the Doctor. Preparations are made for the wedding; but just at the last moment the shipwrecked cousin returns an altered man, and marries Mary. The episode of Verginie and Colonel Burr, though unpleasant in itself, is skilfully fitted in. As regards the main incident of the tale, viz., the wooing and its issue, it may perhaps be as well to state that, though substantially a fact, it is not only chronologically inaccurate, but extremely so. The Doctor was born in 1721; and the date of his first marriage was as early as 1748, when he was living at Great Barrington. Instead, therefore, of being an unmarried man at forty (the age assigned to him by Mrs. Stowe in chapter 12), he was a benedict at twenty-seven; and when, in 1770, he removed to Newport, where the scene of her tale is laid, had been married some two-and-twenty years; nor did he lose the wife of his youth until within a month of the termination of his seventy-second year, when, after a thirteen months' widowhood, he took to himself a second, who survived him. His first marriage took place, also, eight years before Burr, who figures in the tale, was even born, and long before the American revolution, which the story repeatedly refers to as a past event.

This chronological incorrectness on the part of Mrs. Stowe, we mention simply as a fact. We attach no importance to it. The merits of the tale, as such, are, of course, quite independent of it. Her mental analysis, her delineations of character, her quiet, sly, kind satire, her life-like descriptions—these and other charac-

teristics of the story interest us none the less because of it.

We are forewarned that these facts are more or less re-grouped and modified, and have no right therefore to quarrel with mere anachronisms.

The incident upon which it is founded appears to be the following, which we give in the words of Professor Park and Dr. Patten, who record it:—

"A second matrimonial engagement was equally inauspicious. He (the Doctor) had paid his addresses to a young woman, interesting in her appearance and manners, and of a bright intellect, who was also rather a belle. She favoured his suit, and, so far as appeared, there was a mutual attachment. When the time of their marriage was not far distant, a former lover, who had been absent some time, returned, with the design of renewing his attentions; and by indirect, or explicit, manifestations of it excited in her the expectation of an offer to be *his wife*." So at least say Drs. Park and Patten; their meaning, of course, is "of an offer to be *her husband*." The intimation," they continue, "engaged her affections; and frankly disclosing the truth to Dr., then Mr. Hopkins, she assured him that 'however much she respected him, she could not fulfil her engagement from the heart.'"

This, he said, was a trial, a very great trial; but as she had not designed to deceive him in the engagements she had given him, he could part with her *in friendship*.\*

As in "Uncle Tom's Cabin," we have here a beautifully-painted picture of the effects of profound grief in strengthening and deepening character. Mrs. Stowe excels in depicting the discipline of sorrow. We might easily imagine that she has herself struggled through some great crisis of affliction, and so writes with all the vividness of one who has actually experienced what she portrays. Be this

\* Park's "Memoir of Hopkins," p. 53; Patten's "Reminiscences," p. 31.

as it may, her philosophy of sorrow is both beautiful and true. If it lacks somewhat in definiteness of outline, it almost conceals this by its depth and brilliancy of colouring; and few pictures have been painted of more saintly beauty than that of Mary after she has heard of the death of her cousin. Would that all our novelists taught thus the purifying power of sorrow!

The theology of the tale will, we think, be deemed far less satisfactory. A paragraph at the close of one of the chapters in "Dred," had long ago prepared us for what we find in "The Minister's Wooing." We do not assert that Mrs. Stowe has really adopted the creed of Universalism, but we cannot help thinking that her influence is stretching in that direction. How otherwise are we to interpret such a passage as this? "Could Christ be happy, if those who were one with Him were sinful and accursed? And could Christ's own loved ones be happy, when those with whom they have exchanged being, in whom they live and feel, are wandering stars, for whom is reserved the mist of darkness for ever? She had been taught that the agonies of the lost would be for ever in sight of the saints, without abating in the least their eternal joys; nay, that they would find in it increasing motives to praise and adoration. Could it be so! Would the last act of the great Bridegroom of the Church be to strike from the heart of his purified Bride those yearnings of self-devoting love which his whole example had taught her, and in which she reflected, as in a glass, His own nature? If not, is there not some provision by which those roots of deathless love which Christ's betrothed ones strike into other hearts shall have a divine, redeeming power? Question vital as life-blood to ten thousand hearts,—fathers, mothers, wives, husbands,—to all who feel the infinite sacredness of love!"

We can sympathise very deeply

with the spirit which prompts such utterances as these. The question of eternal punishment is one to be approached with trembling and tears. To speak with glib tongue and unmoved heart on so terrible a theme as this, seems infinitely worse than to declaim hysterically against it. We are not disposed to find fault with the spirit in which Mrs. Stowe approaches this subject, but we deprecate its discussion when it is only very imperfectly investigated, and the feelings are roused to precipitate the judgment. The moral law is not framed according to our likes and dislikes, neither are the facts of this world or the world to come. Appeals to the feelings of readers who have never viewed the subject from different points, can only lead to the hasty adoption of an immature opinion, and to the weakening of that salutary awe which the doctrine of the eternity of future punishment is so calculated to produce. A great hope and a great fear seem to be the pillars upon which the edifice of society rests, and we can scarcely look on with indifference, whilst we see any one hewing down one of them as unnecessary, or suggesting that it may safely be removed.

It is but fair to add that our authoress suggests through one of her characters, that the old doctrine is, after all, the true one. She writes, "Storms, earthquakes, volcanoes, sickness, death, go on without regarding us. Everywhere I see the most hopeless, unrelieved suffering,—and for aught I see, it may be eternal. . . . The doctor's dreadful system, is, I confess, much like the laws of Nature, about what one may reason out from them." But as we have said before, a theme so profoundly important should not be meddled with, unless all the arguments are used which can be placed in either scale of the discussion. A doctrine, however fearful, which like some ancient manuscript has been an heirloom of the church for centuries, and whose leaves have rustled through the



fingers, and been blotted by the tears of an innumerable succession of the wise and the good, must not be hurriedly committed to the flames as a worthless forgery.

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THE FACTS AND LAWS OF LIFE; Being an Introductory Lecture delivered at the Opening of the Medical School of the Westminster Hospital, on October 3rd, 1859. By J. Russell Reynolds, M.D., F.R.C.P., &c. London: J. Churchill.

DR. RUSSELL REYNOLDS is known to our medical readers as the author of several pathological works of great ability. His discourse on "Vertigo," and his great work entitled "Diagnosis of Diseases of the Brain and Spinal Cord," have quite a standard reputation. The present lecture, as may be gathered from its title, was addressed to a wider circle, is of a more popular class, and is further characterised by singular force and eloquence.

As the subject chosen by Dr. Reynolds for his address was "The Facts and the Laws of Life," he found opportunity for saying wisely, clearly, boldly, and religiously, some grand and needful things about life itself—about the empire of science, the nature of *fact*, and the meaning of discovered *law*. He discriminates things that are often confounded, both with *facts* and *laws*, not only by medical students, but by empanelled juries, by learned advocates, and by students of physical science. "Facts" are distinguished from "fancies," "hypotheses," "opinions," and "fractions of facts." With considerable skill, he vindicates what may be termed the moral etymology of the word *law* as applied to the generalizations of science. He repudiates, with something like indignation, the change of nomenclature suggested by Mr. Buckle and others by which the idea of coercion, will, and ulterior purpose, deeper than reason and vaster than nature, would be excluded from our estimate of those aspects of nature which are in fact a synthesis of nature and

man; and with great eloquence, he links the laws of nature with the great Commandments which proclaim God's own ideal of a perfected humanity.

Dr. Reynolds draws accurate distinction between *laws*, and either "*mere sequence*" or "*accidental coincidence*;" but the principal value and power of the pamphlet seem to us to be contained in the portion of it in which the author points out the danger and even absurdity of confounding statistical results with law. He shows that the law of nature "is true at all magnitudes, times, and distances;" but the so-called statistical law "is only true at such magnitude, time, and distance as shall be sufficient to lose or hide the individual in the multitude." He uses this position, which he does not fail to illustrate copiously as vantage ground on which to contend with the fundamental fallacy of the "History of Civilization in England." Dr. Reynolds shows that Mr. Buckle's repudiation of human will or Divine Providence in human affairs—on the basis of a percentage of suicides being determinable beforehand in a given locality—is an egregious *petitio principii*. The statistical results are shown to be demonstrably untrue, until the accumulation is so great that it includes every possibility of action and every variety of condition. "It is by removing yourself to a great distance from the actual facts that the numerical statement of these facts exhibits uniformity. To the naked eye, the moon's outline is an even curve, there are no inequalities, no changes in its form; but learn the distance, or enlarge your power of vision, and then mountain ranges, valleys, and extinct volcanoes break the line. And so it is with man. Go far enough from the individual soul; lose his personality in the thousand or ten thousand that surround him, and the net result of this ten thousand and of that, may be the same. But there are in him individual features, heights of aspiration, and depths of despair, angry

passions, and Divine helps ; and these seen in the unit, but lost in the many, are the real moving forces, the determining causes of all his action."

It is highly refreshing to greet this outspoken utterance in days when science is treated by so many of its advocates as the rival of religion, and the antagonist of revelation ; and we would suggest that Dr. Reynolds might give his able pamphlet a more permanent and enlarged form.

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THE LIFE AND LABOURS OF THE REV. DANIEL BAKER, D.D. By his Son, the Rev. W. M. Baker. Third Edition. Philadelphia: W. S. and A. Austin. London: Nisbet and Co. 1859.

DR. JAMES BAKER was born at Midway, Liberty County, Georgia, in 1791. He was ordained over his first charge by a Presbytery held in 1818. He published two volumes of sermons, which have had an extensive sale, and have been productive of much good. He preached more frequently, perhaps, than any other man of his time ; sustained seven pastorates—all of them successful and prosperous to a remarkable degree. He laboured eight years as an evangelist, enduring great hardships, and displaying right worthy courage, zeal, and self-denial. He was the real founder of Austin College, Texas ; was its first president ; and obtained no less than one hundred thousand dollars for its funds ; and, to crown all else, he is reckoned, with apparent fairness and honesty, to have been the means of conversion to twenty thousand souls ! Such a life needs no comments. Assuming its asserted facts, it is its own authentication of its claim to a higher origin than could be found in unassisted nature, to a diviner inspiration than genius could enkindle, and to a nobler emulation than patriotism could prompt or heroism sustain.

The narrative, however, of this life and these labours might have been much better written than we find it. We think it would have gained not

more in correctness than in probable usefulness if its sundry Americanisms had been translated into English, and sundry of its follies exchanged for good sense.

If Sydney Smith had been alive, and had had as strong inducement to make fun of Dr. Baker as he had to ridicule and render contemptible three of the greatest men who ever lived, and who have made Serampore immortal and illustrious, he could have desired nothing more admirably adapted to his purpose than the memoir under notice. For example :—

Dr. Baker "lisps awful." Sic! —Pp. 28, 213, 216, 244.

Dr. Baker thinks his mother tongue would be improved by an infusion of Scotticisms, and therefore insists on a perpetual confounding of would and should, will and shall. —Pp. 28, 29, 33, 36, *et passim*.

Dr. Baker has "a tolerably (!) humbling sense of his unworthiness, sinfulness, and ingratitude."—P. 60.

Dr. Baker loves "*evangelominos* preaching."—P. 61.

When on the sea-shore, the learned doctor would entertain his learned leisure by "assuming the authority of Canute," and with the same success. "He also strikes out the novel idea of trying to pin down with his walking cane the waves of the advancing tide, and is reminded by his failure of unsuccessful endeavours to fasten conviction upon sinful hearts."—P. 234.

We should be discourteous to the university which conferred its divinity diploma upon Dr. Baker if we did not assume that his attainments and scholarly accomplishments were such as to justify so honourable an award. And yet we find him writing, "I do wish it were possible to banish all Pagan classics out of our schools and colleges, and instead of Cæsar, Ovid, Horace, Homer, &c."—P. 308. As we do not find that during his six or seven years' presidency over Austin College he ever delivered a single prelection to the students, or occupied any chair whatever, we will hope that the in-

mates of that institution have not been doomed to see any part of their late President's aspiration realised.

The following passage by the compiler of this volume, we hope in great charity that we have failed to understand. If such hope is not in accordance with the fact, we can only say that the biographer's notions of honour and decency are very different from ours. Let our readers mark that Austin College was the first institution of the kind in the whole country, that it had received warm and practical encouragement and support from the first men of the State; and that there was a well-grounded expectation of a vote of funds from the Texan Legislature. Yet, the author writes:—"As to his (Dr. Baker's) efforts for the College during his six tours, we have seen how he toiled, and how he succeeded. Six tours to beg for the College out of the State! He became more and more reluctant to beg in this way. It was very well when he first began. Texas was then small in population, and indefinitely deep in debt; but when that population so swiftly doubled itself, when that debt disappeared, leaving Texas with millions in its chest for present use, and incalculable resources for the future, with the steward in Scripture, it was his feeling, 'to beg I am ashamed.'" "Two resources were left him; one was a visit to England, Ireland, and Scotland; and he felt confident, &c. &c."—P. 537.

Equally confident are we, but of a very different thing, namely, that when the College was looked upon as almost a national institution, and when there was the strongest hope of endowment, or subscription from a State, as such, with millions of ready money waiting to be used, and with the moral certainty of indefinite increase, it would have been unpardonably audacious and insolent to have resorted to the alternative proposed.

One word more as to our preceding references and quotations. It is to suggest to the filial piety and good

sense of the compiler of this volume, that the exposing of these instances of his revered father's weakness, or errors, has no excuse; was not essential even to perfectness of portraiture; and is, beyond all controversy, out of place, and offensive in a book which, by the bold avowal of its author, is designed for the highest Christian usefulness, and to contribute to the growth of men and ministers as truly consecrated and disinterested as he in whose real life these errors had no discoverable practical effect.

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PILGRIMAGE FROM THE ALPS TO THE TIBER; OR, THE INFLUENCE OF ROMANISM ON TRADE, JUSTICE, AND KNOWLEDGE. By Rev. J. A. Wylie, LL.D., Edinburgh: Shepherd and Elliott.

THOUGH the visit to Italy, of which this book is a record, dates as far back as 1851, we are glad to welcome a second edition of it, and to avail ourselves of it, that we may evolve a few points of comparison between the impressions and forecastings of 1851 and the realisations of 1859.

We naturally look with especial interest upon what Dr. Wylie has to tell us about Piedmont—that ark of Italian liberty in the black deluge of its despotism. He found it in a state of nascent constitutionalism, and with equal piety and philosophy, he attributes its happy anomaly to the presence and prayers of its Waldensian subjects. These furnish both a natural and moral reason. Seeds of liberty, especially when sown in religious forms and watered with the tears of pious men, have a silent and permeating life in them, and often produce their fruit in forms and places that are wholly unexpected. What Puritanism has been to the England of the present, the faith of the Vaudois may be to the Italy of the future; and heartily we pray that it may. The Piedmontese themselves speak of their constitutionalism as a miracle—the death of Charles Albert making way for a new and plastic sove-



reign was probably the means of it. He himself would probably have followed the reactionary example of his brother sovereigns. When in 1848 he gave his subjects a constitution "none had asked it, and few there were who could value it, or even knew what a constitution meant." There was no public opinion in the country. It would have been revoked at any moment, and there was no moral power in the country to offer effectual resistance. Radetzky had unaccountably and suddenly stopped at the Sardinian frontier in the midst of his victorious career, when he was expected to march upon Turin. Victor Emanuel proved to be "a good-natured, easy-minded man, who loved the chase and his country seat, and found it more agreeable to live on good terms with his subjects, and enjoy a handsome civil list which his Parliament has taken care to vote for him, than to be indebted for his safety and a bankrupt exchequer to the bayonets of his guards;" a constitutional monarch simply by accident; and so under the guidings of God's good providence the constitution was saved, and, said General Beckwith to Dr. Wylie, "should the constitution live three years longer, the people of that time will have become so habituated to the working of a free constitution, and public opinion will have acquired such strength, that it will be impossible for the monarch to retrace his steps, even should he be so inclined." Its condition has been thrice realized, let us hope that the prediction will be fulfilled. The spirit of liberty is difficult to kill. What in 1851 was eager hope, has now become moral certainty.

Dr. Wylie gives us a very vivid impression of the power and curse of Popery in Piedmont in 1848, the most priest-ridden country in Europe—"the paradise of priests." The demonstration is furnished by some formidable statistics from *La Presse*, the domains of the church representing a capital of 400 millions of francs, and a yearly revenue of upwards of

seventeen millions, while the population was only four and a half millions; now this incubus has been thrown off in great part, and this tyrannous priesthood proved powerless, save to corrupt.

The vigour and independence of the press is justly eulogised, and the formation of a public opinion is largely attributed to its emancipation. We cannot follow Dr. Wylie further; his pictures of travel are vivid, his moral lights strong, and his heart sound. We are glad to see his volume in a second edition.

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THE STORY OF A POCKET-BIBLE. London: Religious Tract Society.

For the mere novelty of the thing, I shall review my own history here. The journal relates the adventures of my possessors at various periods of my history, since I left the bookseller's hands to become the choice and prize of an ingenuous child of six years old on his birthday. From him I passed into the hands of men in business, worldly families, Romanists, sceptics, working-men, and dissolute drunkards, endeavouring to diffuse a healthful influence everywhere, and meeting sometimes with saving and triumphant success. These will cheer the soul when read of, and perhaps may stimulate some who peruse this prefatory notice of my fortunes, to try amongst their acquaintances the benefit of the gift of A POCKET BIBLE.

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THE DIAMOND AND THE PEARL. By Mrs. Gore. London: Knight and Son.

It is quite enough to say that the fiction above-named is Mrs. Gore's, and is tinted with the characteristic Goresque colouring, to give a vivid idea of its merits to the reader. It is a new edition, and is revised by the author.

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30	1000	365	12	6	207	0	0	1207	0	0
35	1000	419	7	6	217	0	0	1217	0	0
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40	1000	32	9	2	8	19	0	23	10	2
45	1000	37	14	2	10	8	0	27	6	2
50	1000	45	5	0	12	12	0	32	13	0
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